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THE TRAGEDY OF TANCRED AND GISMUND

1591–2

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1914

This reprint of *Tancred and Gismund* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Oct. 1915. W. W. Greg.

PR
3190
W63T3
1914

There is no entry of *Tancred and Gismund* in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. The only known edition is a quarto printed by Thomas Scarlet for sale by R. Robinson. This is in a type the body of which approximates to modern English (22 ll. = 94 mm.). Copies vary in that the date on the title-page appears either as 1591 or 1592. The British Museum possesses three copies, marked respectively C 34. e. 43, 161. k. 71, and C. 34. e. 44. Of these the first is perfect, though the second leaf is rather badly damaged, and bears the date 1592. From the second all but a small corner of the title-page has been torn away; while the third wants the whole of the preliminary sheet except the third leaf. Perfect copies in the Bodleian Library and the Dyce Collection are also dated 1592. A copy at Eton College wants the title-page. On the other hand there is preserved in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House a copy bearing the date 1591. The title-page of this copy appears to differ from those dated 1592 in nothing but the date and the position of the printer's mark.

The play was not new at the time of its publication, being revised from an earlier piece. This, we are informed by William Webbe in his epistle to Wilmot, had been acted before the queen by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. There does not appear to be any contemporary record of the performance, but from the allusion to 'these 24. yeres' in Wilmot's address to the Templers, we are perhaps entitled to date it 1567.

The earlier version is extant in two manuscripts at the British Museum, Lansdowne 786 and Har-

grave 205. At least one other manuscript has been reported as in private hands but is not now known, while there is some reason to suppose that in making the revision Wilmot had before him a text of the earlier play, differing in certain respects from those now extant.

The original version was of composite authorship, and the abbreviated names of five different writers are appended to the five acts of the printed text. They are Rod. Staf[ford]., Hen. No[el]., G. Al., Ch. Hat[ton]., and R. W[ilmot]. Of these there is no indication in the manuscripts. The whole was later revised by the author of the last act and brought, as the title-page tells us, into keeping with 'the decorum of these daies'.

List of Doubtful Readings, &c.

Ep. Ded. 35 *W*] after this a possible trace of a period appears in some copies
Pref. 5 geamls] *read* gleams
Text 7 *Cupid.*] half a line too low in original
85 Lord,
209 (*no c.w.*)
225 *möſt*] the mark over the *o* is doubtful and probably accidental
229 *enddleſſe*
231 *might ie*
265 ſurſte] *i.e.* surest
274 (*no c.w.*)
351 impart your] *possibly* impartyour
381 what
387 ſo,
418 ferſake
419 vp,
429 delight
431 c.w. Subuert
448 ſight
459 kinde,
461 *Luc*,
489 lai d
491 ſilder
496 flood,
523 Ant)
526 (*no c.w.*)
537 daies)
556 *Brutus*] so B.M.[2], Dyce, Eton: *Bratus* B.M.[1,3], Bodl.
564 Chor. 4.] *half a line too low in original*
572 *t ofore*,
578 Chor. 1.] *half a line too low in original*

588 d] *read* do
589 nam] *read* name
(*no c.w.*)
622 proue
644 carefull] *so B.M.*[2], *Dyce*, *Eton*: carefnll *B.M.*[1,3], *Bodl.*
699 WHat
716 (*no c.w.*)
729 ofman
777 *his*
781 (*no c.w.*)
822 turne th
840 aſſault,] *possibly* aſſault,
858 Actus. 3.
868 iu
908 ,On
911 Iulia,
943 villanous.] *possibly* villa nous.
965 he auen
967 counſming
1008 *Tan.*
1031 c.w. ſhall
1125 snd
1156 *Gif.*
1250 c.w. (But
1264 mine,
1283 captiuate
1294 *Iul.* Nay
1306 hurt, Let not] *so B.M.*[1,3], *Dyce*, *Eton*, *Bodl.*: hurt, *B.M.*[2]
1309 roſe.
1327 floud.
1328 Lord
1436 handy] *possibly* han dy
1437 enters] *possibly* ente rs
1487 eachone,
1491 more
1505 ,. Yong
1577 deſpit!e
1639 Receaue] *possibly* R eceaue
1664 attir
1703 auoid
1706 *Giſ*,
(king
1708 loue
1709 *Giſ.* the
mĕ
1728 (*no c.w.*)
1735 Scæna 3,
1766 requeſt,
1813 dead
1830 we
1831 *Iul*
1850 thou] *possibly* tho u
1874 the'ffect
sig. H4[v]. 11 *meaſurestrod*,
13 *forrth*
17 *aſcendeih*
19 *mas*
28 *init*,
31 l,xxiiii.

On sig. G4 recto, the final *d* of the running title is broken so as to resemble *a*.

List of Characters

in order of appearance.

Cupid.
Gismund, daughter to Tancred.
Tancred, prince of Salerne.
Lucrece, his sister.
Guiszard, County Palurin, Gismund's lover.
Julio, lord chamberlain to Tancred.
Renuchio, captain of Tancred's guard.
Megaera, a fury.

Chorus of four maidens, guard, two furies.

Gismund is called Gismunda on her first appearance, l. 88. According to the prose Argument Tancred is King of Naples as well as Prince of Salerne. Lucrece enters at l. 275, but her name first appears unabbreviated at l. 374, where it is given as Lucre, cf. l. 526 (also l. 538). The form Lucrece first appears at l. 624. Guiszard is called Guishard in the verse Argument and Guiszhard at l. 690. He first appears in II. ii, but does not speak till III. iii (l. 694). Julio and Renuchio appear in II. ii, and III. iii, but first speak in IV. ii (ll. 1060 and 1009 respectively). The description of them given above is from the stage direction l. 370, but later on they appear to exchange rôles. It is Renuchio, there called Renugio, whom Tancred sends to fetch Gismund, IV. iii, and it is Julio 'with his gard' who brings in Guiszard, IV. iv.

The Editor's thanks are due to the Earl of Ellesmere for permission to reproduce the title-page of his copy of *Tancred and Gismund*, dated 1591, and to Mr. Strachan Holme, librarian of Bridgewater House, for kindly procuring a photograph of the same.

9.

THE

TRAGEDIE

of Tancred and Giſmund.

COMPILED BY THE GENtlemen of the Inner Temple, and by them preſented before her MAIESTIE.

Newly reuiued and poliſhed according to the decorum *of theſe daies.* *By* R.W.

LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be ſolde by
R. Robinſon. 1591.

TITLE-PAGE, A I RECTO (BRIDGEWATER HOUSE).

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LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be solde by
R. Robinson. 1592.

MAster *R. W.* looke not now for the tearmes of an intreator, I wil beg no longer, and for your promises, I wil refuse them as bad paiment: neither can I be satisfied with any thing, but a peremptorie performance of an old intention of yours, the publishing I meane of those waſt papers (as it pleaseth you to cal thē, but as I esteem them, a moſt exquiſite inuention) of *Gismunds* Tragedie. Thinke not to shift me off with longer delayes, nor alledge more excuſes to get further respite, leaſt I arreſt you with my *Actum eſt*, and commence ſuch a Sute of vnkindeneſſe againſt you, as when the caſe shalbe scand before the Iudges of courteſie, the court wil cite out of your immoderat modeſtie. And thus much I tel you before, you shal not be able to wage againſt me in the charges growing vpon this action, eſpecially, if the worſhipful company of the Inner temple gentlemen patronize my cauſe, as vndoubtedly they wil, yea, & rather plead partially for me then let my cauſe miſcary, becauſe themſelues are parties. The tragedie was by them moſt pithely framed, and no leſſe curiouſly acted in view of her Maiesty, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as of the whole honorable audience notably applauded: yea, and of al men generally deſired, as a work, either in ſtatelines of ſhew, depth of conceit, or true ornaments of poeticall arte, inferior to none of the beſt in that kinde: no, were the Roman *Seneca* the cenſurer. The braue youths that then (to their high praiſes) ſo feelingly performed the ſame in action, did shortly after lay vp the booke vnregarded, or perhaps let it run abroade (as many parentes doe their children once paſt dandling) not reſpecting ſo much what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fingers, as how their heroical wits might againe be quickly conceiued with new inuentions of like worthines, whereof they haue been euer ſince wonderfull fertill. But this orphan of theirs (for he wandreth as it were fatherleſſe) hath notwithſtanding, by the rare & bewtiful perfections appea-

departed. Afterward bewailing his mishap, he commanded the Earle to be attached, imprisoned, strangled, vnbowelled, and his heart in a cup of golde to be presented to his daughter · she thankefully receiueth the present, filling the cuppe (wherein the heart was) with her teares, with a venimous potion (by her distilled for that purpose) shee dranke to her Earle. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her last request besought him, that her louer and her selfe, might in one tombe be together buried, for a perpetuall memorie of their faithfull loues, which request he graunted, adding to the buriall, himselfe slaine with his owne hands, to his owne reproch, and the terror of all other hard hearted fathers.

Actus. 1. Scæna. 1.

Cupid commeth out of the heauens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth vpon the stage in a blew twiste of silke, from his left hand Vaine hope, Brittle ioy. And with a carnation twist of silke from his right hand, Faire resemblance, Late Repentance.

Cupid. There rest my chariot on the mountaine tops,
I that in shape appeare vnto your sight
A naked boy, not cloathde but with my wings,
Am that great God of Loue, who with his might
Ruleth the wast wide world, and liuing things.
This left hand beares vaine hope, short ioyfull state,
With faire Resemblance, louers to allure,
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,
Warre, fire, bloud, and paines without recure.
On sweete Ambrosia, is not my foode,
Nectar is not my drinke, as to the rest
„ Of all the Gods: I drinke the louers bloud,

„ And

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¶To the right VVorſhipfull and vertuous Ladies, the L. *Marie Peter*, & the Ladie Anne Graie, long health of bodie, with qui-*et of minde, in the fauor of God and men for euer.*

IT *is moſt certaine (right vertuous and worſhipfull) that of all humane learning, Poetrie (how contemptible ſo euer it is in theſe daies, is the moſt ancient) and in Poetrie, there is no argument of more antiquitie and elegancie than is the matter of Loue; for it ſeemes to be as old as the world, & to beare date from the firſt time that man & woman was: therfore in this, as in the fineſt mettall, the freſheſt wits haue in all ages ſhown their beſt workmanſhip. So amongſt others theſe Gentlemen, which with what ſweetneſſe of voice and liuelineſſe of action they then expreſſed it, they which were of her Maieſties right Honorable maidens can teſtifie.*

Which being a diſcourſe of two louers, perhappes it may ſeeme a thing neither fit to be offered vnto your Ladyſhips, nor worthie me to buſie my ſelfe withall: yet can I tell you Madames, it differeth ſo farre from the ordinarie amorous diſcourſes of our daies, as the manners of our time do from the modeſtie and innocencie of that age.

And now for that wearie winter is come vpon vs, which bringeth with him drouping daies and tedious nights, if it be true, that the motions of our mindes follow the temperature of the aire wherein we liue, then I thinke, the peruſing of ſome mournfull matter, tending to the view of a notable example, will refreſh your wits in a gloomie day, & eaſe your wearines of the louring night. Which if it pleaſe you, may

ſerue ye alſo for a ſolemne reuell againſt this Feſtiuall time, for Giſmunds *bloudie ſhadow, with a little coſt, may be intreated in her ſelfe-like perſon to ſpeake to ye.*

Hauing therfore a deſire to be knowen to your W I deuiſed this waie with my ſelfe to procure the ſame, perſuading my ſelfe, there is nothing more welcome to your wiſedomes, then the knowledge of wiſe, graue, & worthie matters, tending to the good inſtructions of youths, of whom you are mothers.

In this reſpect therefore, I ſhall humblie deſire ye to beſtow a fauourable countenance vpon this little labor, which when ye haue graced it withall, I muſt & will acknowledge my ſelfe greatly indebted vnto your Ladyſhips in this behalfe: neither ſhall I amongſt the reſt, that admire your rare vertues, (which are not a fewe in Eſſex) ceaſe to commend this vndeſerued gentlenes.

Thus deſiring the king of heauen to increaſe his graces in ye both, granting that your ends may be as honorable, as your liues are vertuous, I leaue with a vaine babble of many needleſſe wordes to trouble you longer.

Your Worſhips moſt dutifull and humble Orator

Robert Wilmot.

MAster *R. W.* looke not now for the tearmes of an intreator, I wil beg no longer, and for your promises, I wil refuse them as bad paiment: neither can I be satisfied with any thing, but a peremptorie performance of an old intention of yours, the publishing I meane of those wast papers (as it pleaseth you to cal thē, but as I esteem them, a most exquisite inuention) of *Gismunds* Tragedie. Thinke not to shift me off with longer delayes, nor alledge more excuses to get further respite, least I arrest you with my *Actum est*, and commence such a Sute of vnkindenesse against you, as when the case shalbe scand before the Iudges of courtesie, the court wil crie out of your immoderat modestie. And thus much I tel you before, you shal not be able to wage against me in the charges growing vpon this action, especially, if the worshipful company of the Inner temple gentlemen patronize my cause, as vndoubtedly they wil, yea, & rather plead partially for me then let my cause miscary, because themselues are parties. The tragedie was by them most pithely framed, and no lesse curiously acted in view of her Maiesty, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as of the whole honorable audience notably applauded: yea, and of al men generally desired, as a work, either in statelines of shew, depth of conceit, or true ornaments of poeticall arte, inferior to none of the best in that kinde: no, were the Roman *Seneca* the censurer. The braue youths that then (to their high praises) so feelingly performed the same in action, did shortly after lay vp the booke vnregarded, or perhaps let it run abroade (as many parentes doe their children once past dandling) not respecting so much what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fingers, as how their heroical wits might againe be quickly conceiued with new inuentions of like worthines, whereof they haue been euer since wonderfull fertill. But this orphan of theirs (for he wandreth as it were fatherlesse) hath notwithstanding, by the rare & bewtiful perfections appea-

appearing in him, hetherto neuer wanted great fauou-
rers, and louing preseruers. Among whom I cannot suf-
ficiently commend your more then charitable zeale, and
scholerly compassion towards him, that haue not only re-
scued and defended him from the deuouring iawes of ob-
liuion, but vouchsafed also to apparrel him in a new sute
at your own charges, wherin he may again more boldly
come abroad, and by your permission returne to his olde
parents, clothed perhaps not in richer or more costly fur-
niture then it went from them, but in handsomnes & fa-
shion more answerable to these times, wherein fashions
are so often altered. Let one word suffice for your encou-
ragement herein: namely, that your commendable pains
in disrobing him of his antike curiositie, and adorning
him with the approoued guise of our statelieſt Englishe
termes (not diminishing, but more augmenting his arti-
ficiall colours of absolute poesie, deriued from his first pa-
rents) cannot but bee grateful to most mens appetites,
who vpon our experiẽce we know highly to esteem such
lofty measures of sententiously composed Tragedies.

How much you shal make me, and the rest of your pri-
uate frends beholding vnto you, I list not to discourse:
and therfore grounding vpon these alledged reasons, that
the suppressing of this Tragedie, so worthy for ỳ presse,
were no other thing then wilfully to defraud your selfe
of an vniuersall thank, your frends of their expectations,
and sweete G. of a famous eternitie. I will cease to
doubt of any other pretence to cloake your bashfulnesse,
hoping to read it in print (which lately lay neglected a-
mongst your papers) at our next appointed meeting.
I bid you heartely farewell. From Pyrgo in Essex, Au-
gust the eight, 1591.

Tuus fide & facultate

Guil. Webbe.

TO THE WORSHIPFVLL AND *learned Societie, the Gentlemen Students of the Inner Temple, with the reſt of his ſingular good friends, the Gentlemen of the middle Temple, and to all other curteous readers,* R. W. *wiſheth increaſe of all health, worſhip & learning, with the immortall glorie of the graces adorning the ſame.*

YE may perceiue (right Worſhipful) in peruſing the former Epiſtle ſent to mee, how ſore I am beſet with the importunities of my friends, to publiſh this Pamphlet: Truly I am and haue bin (if there be in me anie ſoundnes of iudgement) of this opinion, that whatſoeuer is committed to the preſſe is commended to eternitie, and it ſhall ſtand a liuely witnes with our conſcience, to our comfort or confuſion, in the reckning of that great daie.

Aduiſedly therefore was that Prouerbe vſed of our elder Philoſophers, *Manum a Tabula*: with-hold thy hand from the paper, and thy papers from the print or light of the world: for a lewd word eſcaped is irreuocable, but a bad or baſe diſcourſe publiſhed in print is intollerable.

Hereupon I haue indured ſome conflicts between reaſon and iudgement, whether it were conuenient for the common wealth, with the *indecorum* of my calling (as ſome thinke it) that the memorie of *Tancreds* Tragedie ſhould be againe by my meanes, reuiued, which the oftner I read ouer, and the more I conſidered theron, the ſooner I was won to conſent therunto: calling to mind that neither the thrice reuerend & lerned father M. Beza, was aſhamed in his yonger yeres, to ſend abroad in his owne name, his Tragedie

Tragedy of *Abraham*, nor that rare Scot (the ſcholer of our age) *Buchanan*, his moſt pathetical *Ieptha*.

Indeed I muſt willingly confeſſe this worke ſimple, and not worth compariſon to any of theirs: for the writers of them were graue men; of this, young heads: In them is ſhewn the perfection of their ſtudies; in this, the imperfection of their wits. Neuertheles herein they al agree, commending vertue, deteſting vice, and liuely deciphering their ouerthrow that ſuppreſſe not their vnruely affections. Theſe things noted herin, how ſimple ſo euer the verſe be, I hope the matter wil be acceptable to the wiſe.

Wherefore I am now bold to preſent *Giſmund* to your ſights, and vnto yours only, for therfore haue I coniured her, by the loue that hath bin theſe 24. yeres betwixt vs, that ſhe waxe not ſo proude of her freſh painting, to ſtragle in her plumes abroad, but to contein her ſelfe within the walles of your houſe; ſo am I ſure ſhe ſhalbe ſafe frõ the *Tragedian Tyrants* of our time, who are not aſhamed to affirme that ther can no amarous poeme ſauour of any ſharpnes of wit, vnleſſe it be ſeaſoned with ſcurrilous words.

But leauing them to their lewdnes, I hope you, & all diſcreet readers, wil thankfully receiue my pains, the fruites of my firſt harueſt: the rather, perceiuing that my purpoſe in this Tragedie, tendeth onely to the exaltation of vertue, & ſuppreſſion of vice, with pleaſure to profit and help al men, but to offend, or hurt no man. As for ſuch as haue neither the grace, nor the good gift to doe well themſelues, nor the common honeſtie, to ſpeak wel of others, I muſt (as I may) heare and bear their baitings with patience.

Yours deuoted in his ability, R. Wilmot.

A Preface to the Queenes Maidens

Of Honor.

FLowers of prime, pearles couched all in gold,
Light of our daies that glads the fainting hearts
Of them that ſhall your ſhining geamls behold,
Salue of each ſore, recure of inward ſmarts,
In whom Vertue and Beautie ſtriueth ſo,
As neither yeelds, behold here for your gaine
Giſmonds vnluckie loue, her fault, her wo
And death, at laſt her cruell Father ſlaine
Through his miſhap, and though you do not ſee,
Yet reade and rew their wofull Tragedie.
So Ioue, as your high vertues done deſerue,
Grant you ſuch pheeres, as may your vertues ſerue
With like vertues, and blisfull Venus ſend
Vnto your happie loues an happie end.

Another to the ſame.

G*Iſmond*, that whilome liu'de her fathers ioy
And died his death, now dead, doth as ſhe may
By vs praie you to pittie her annoy.
And to requite the ſame, doth humbly pray,
Heauens to forefend your loues from like decay.
The faithfull Earle doth alſo make requeſt,
Wiſhing thoſe worthie knights whom ye imbrace,
The conſtant truth that lodged in his breaſt.
His hartie loue, not his vnhappie caſe,
Befall to ſuch as triumph in your grace.

The King praies pardon of his cruell heſt,
And for amends, deſires it may ſuffice,
That by his bloud he warneth all the reſt
Of fond fathers, that they in kinder wiſe,
Intreat the Iewels where their comfort lies.
We, as their meſſengers, beſeech ye al
On their behalfes, to pittie all their ſmarts,
And for our ſelues, (although the worth be ſmall)
We praie ye, to accept our humble hearts
Auoud to ſerue with praier and with praiſe,
Your Honors, all vnworthie other waies.

The Tragedie of Tancred
and Giſmund.

Argumentum Tragediæ.

T*Ancred* the Prince of Salerne, ouerloues
His onely daughter (wonder of that age)
Giſmund, who loues the Countie Palurin,
Guiſhard, who quites her likings with his loue:
A Letter in a cane, deſcribes the meanes
Of their two meetings, in a ſecret caue.
Vnconſtant fortune leadeth forth the king
To this vnhappie ſight, wherewith in rage,
The gentle Earle he doometh to his death,
And greets his daughter with her louers hart.
Giſmunda fils the goblet with her teares,
And drinkes a poiſon which ſhe had diſtild,
Whereof ſhe dies, whoſe deadly countenance
So grieues her Father, that he ſlew himſelfe.

An

An other of the ſame more at large in proſe.

TANCRED *king of* Naples *and Prince of* Salerne, *gaue his only daughter* Giſmund *(whom he moſt dearely loued) in mariage to a foraine Prince, after whoſe death ſhe returned home to her Father, who hauing felt great griefe of hir abſence whilſt her husband liued, immeſurably eſteeming her, determined neuer to ſuffer any ſecond mariage to bereaue him of hir. She on the other ſide waxing wearie of that her fathers purpoſe, bent hir mind to the ſecret loue of the County* Palurin: *to whom (he being likewiſe inflamed with loue of her) by a Letter ſubtilly incloſed in a clouen cane, ſhe gaue to vnderſtand a conuenient waie for their deſired meetings, through an old ruinous vaut, whoſe mouth opened directly vnder her chamber floore. Into this vaut when ſhe was one day deſcended (for the conuaiance of hir louer) hir father in the meane ſeaſon (whoſe only ioy was in his daughter) came to hir chamber, and not finding her there, ſuppoſing her to haue bin walked abroad for hir diſport, he threw him downe on hir bed, and couered his head with a curtain, minding to abide and reſt there till hir returne. She nothing ſuſpecting this hir fathers vnſeaſonable comming, brought vp hir louer out of the caue into hir chamber, where hir father eſpied their ſecret loue: and hee (not eſpied of them) was vpon this ſight ſtriken with meruailous griefe; but either for that the ſodaine deſpight had amazed him, & taken from him all vſe of ſpeech, or for that he reſolued himſelf to a more cõueniẽt reuenge, he then ſpake nothing, but noted their returne into the vaut, and ſecretly*

departed. Afterward bewailing his miſhap, he commanded the Earle to be attached, impriſoned, ſtrangled, vnbowelled, and his heart in a cup of golde to be preſented to his daughter: ſhe thankefully receiueth the preſent, filling the cuppe (wherein the heart was) with her teares, with a venimous potion (by her diſtilled for that purpoſe) ſhee dranke to her Earle. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her laſt requeſt beſought him, that her louer and her ſelfe, might in one tombe be together buried, for a perpetuall memorie of their faithfull loues, which requeſt he graunted, adding to the buriall, himſelfe ſlaine with his owne hands, to his owne reproch, and the terror of all other hard hearted fathers.

Actus. 1. Scæna. 1. *1. i*

Cupid commeth out of the heauens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth vpon the ſtage in a blew twiſte of ſilke, from his left hand Vaine hope, Brittle ioy. And with a carnation twiſt of ſilke from his right hand, Faire reſemblance, Late Repentance.

Cupid. There reſt my chariot on the mountaine tops,
I that in ſhape appeare vnto your ſight
A naked boy, not cloathde but with my wings,
Am that great God of Loue, who with his might
Ruleth the waſt wide world, and liuing things.
This left hand beares vaine hope, ſhort ioyfull ſtate,
With faire Reſemblance, louers to allure,
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,
Warre, fire, bloud, and paines without recure.
On ſweete Ambroſia, is not my foode,
Nectar is not my drinke, as to the reſt
„Of all the Gods: I drinke the louers bloud,

„And

„And feed vpon the heart within his breaſt.
Well hath my power in heauen and earth bin tride,
And deepeſt hell, my pearcing force hath knowen.
The marble ſeas, my wonders haue deſcride,
Which elder age throghout the world hath blowen.
To me, the king of Gods and men doth yeeld,
As witnes can the Greekiſh maide, whom I *Iô.*
Made like a cow go lowing through the field,
Leaſt iealous Iuno ſhould the ſcape eſpie:
The doubled night, the Sunnes reſtrained courſe,
His ſecret ſtealths, the ſlander to eſchew, *Like to*
In ſhape transformd, we liſt not to diſcourſe. *Amphi-*
All that and more we forced him to do. *trio to*
The warlike Mars hath not ſubdude our might, *Alcmena.*
We feard him not, his furie nor diſdaine,
That can the Gods record: before whoſe ſight
He laie faſt wrapt in Vulcans ſubtill chaine.
He that on earth yet hath not felt our power,
Let him behold the fall and cruell ſpoile
Of thee faire Troy, of Aſia the flower,
So foule defaſt, and leueld with the ſoile.
Who forſt Leander with his naked breſt
So many nights to cut the frothie waues,
But Heroes loue, that lay incloſde in Seſt?
The ſtouteſt hearts to me ſhall yeeld them ſlaues.
Who could haue matcht the huge Alcides ſtrength, *Hercules.*
Great Macedon, what force might haue ſubdude? *Alexand.*
Wiſe Scipio who ouercame at length,
But we, that are with greater force endude?
Who could haue conquered the golden fleece
But Iaſon, aided by Medeas art?
Who durſt haue ſtolne faire Helen out of Greece

But I, with loue that boldned Paris heart?
What bond of nature, what reſtraint auailes
Againſt our power? I vouch to witnes truth.
Myrrha The Myrhe tree that with ſhamefaſt teares bewailes
Her fathers loue, ſtill weepeth yet for ruth.
But now, this world not ſeeing in theſe daies,
Such preſent proofes of our al-daring power,
Diſdaines our name, and ſeeketh ſundrie waies,
To ſcorne and ſcoffe, and ſhame vs euerie houre,
A brat, a baſtard, and an idle boy,
A rod, a ſtaffe, a whip to beate him out,
And to be ſicke of loue, a childiſh toy,
Theſe are mine honors now the world about,
My name diſgraſt, to raiſe againe therefore,
And in this age, mine ancient renowme
By mightie acts, intending to reſtore,
Downe to the earth, in wrath now am I come.
And in this place, ſuch wonders ſhall ye heare,
As theſe your ſtubborne, and diſdainfull hearts,
In melting teares, and humble yeelding feare,
Shall ſoone relent by ſight of others ſmarts.
This princely pallace, will I enter in,
And there inflame, the faire Giſmunda, ſo
Inraging all her ſecret vaines within,
Through firie loue, that ſhe ſhall feele much wo.
Too late repentance, thou ſhalt bend my bow.
Vaine hope, take out my pale dead heauie ſhaft,
Thou faire Reſemblance, formoſt forth ſhalt go,
With Brittle ioy: my ſelfe will not be leaſt,
But after me, comes death, and deadly paine.
Thus ſhall ye march, till we returne againe,
Meane while, ſit ſtill, and here I ſhall you ſhew

Such

Such wonders, that at laſt with one accord,
Ye ſhall relent, and ſaie that now ye know,
Loue rules the world, Loue is a mightie Lord, *Exit.*

Cupid with his traine entereth into King Tancreds Pallace.

I. ii Giſmunda in Purple commeth out of her Chamber, attended by foure maides that are the Chorus.

Scæna. 2.

„ O Vaine, vnſteadfaſt ſtate of mortall things, *Giſmund.*
„ Who truſts this world, leans to a brittle ſtay,
„ Such fickle fruit, his flattering bloome forth
„ Ere it be ripe, it falleth to decay, (brings
The ioy and bliſſe that late I did poſſeſſe,
In weale at will, with one I loued beſt,
Is turned now into ſo deepe diſtreſſe,
As teacheth me to know the worlds vnreſt.
For neither wit nor princely ſtomackes ſerue
Againſt his force that ſlaies without reſpect,
The noble and the wretch: ne doth reſerue,
So much as one, for worthines elect.
Ah me deare Lord, what well of teares may ſerue
To feed the ſtreames of my foredulled eies,
To weepe thy death, as thy death doth deſerue,
And waile thy want in full ſufficing wiſe.
Ye lampes of heauen, and all ye heauenly powers,
Wherein did he procure your high diſdaine,
He neuer ſought with vaſt huge mounting towers
To reach aloft, and ouer-view your raigne,
Or what offence of mine was it vnwares,
That thus your furie ſhould on me be throwen,

To

To plague a woman with ſuch endles cares,
I feare that enuie hath the heauens this ſhowen.
The Sunne his glorious vertues did diſdaine,
Mars at his manhood mightily repind,
Yea all the Gods no longer could ſuſtaine,
Each one to be excelled in his kind.
For he my Lord ſurpaſt them euerie one,
Such was his honor all the world throughout,
But now my loue, oh whither art thou gone?
I know thy ghoſt doth houer here about,
Expecting me (thy heart) to follow thee:
And I (deare loue) would faine diſſolue this ſtrife,
But ſtaie a while, I may perhaps foreſee
Some meanes to be disburdend of this life,
„And to diſcharge the dutie of a wife,
„Which is, not onely in this life to loue,
„But after death her fancie not remoue.
Meane while accept of theſe our daily rites,
Which with my maidens I ſhall do to thee,
Which is, in ſongs to cheere our dying ſpirits
With hymnes of praiſes of thy memorie.

Cantant.

Quæ mihi cantio nondum occurrit.

The Song ended,

Tancred the King commeth out of his pallace with his guard. *I. iii*

Scæna. 3.

Tancred. Faire daughter, I haue ſought thee out with griefe,
To eaſe the ſorrowes of thy vexed heart.
How long wilt thou torment thy father thus?
Who daily dies to ſee thy needles teares,
Such bootleſſe plaints that know nor meane nor end
Do but increaſe the flouds of thy lament,

And

And ſince the world knowes wel there was no want
In thee, of ought that did to him belong
Yet all thou ſeeſt could not his life prolong.
Why thẽ doeſt thou prouoke the heauens to wrath?
His doome of death was dated by his ſtarres,
„And who is he that may withſtand his fate?
By theſe complaintes ſmall good to him thou doeſt,
Much griefe to me, moſt hurt vnto thy ſelfe,
And vnto Nature greateſt wrong of all.
Giſ. Tell me not of the date of natures daies,
Then in the Aprill of her ſpringing age:
No, no, it was my cruell deſtinie,
That ſpited at the pleaſance of my life.
Tanc. My daughter knowes the proofe of natures
„For as the heauens do guide the lamp of life (courſe
„So can they ſearch no further forth the flame,
„Then whilſt with oyle they do maintain the ſame.
Giſ. Curſt be the ſtarres, and vaniſh may they curſt,
Or fall from heauen, that in the dire aſpect,
Abridgde the health and welfare of my loue.
Tanc. Giſmund my ioy, ſet all theſe griefes apart,
„The more thou art with hard miſhap beſet,
„The more thy patience ſhould procure thine eaſe.
Giſ. What hope of hap may cheere my haples chance
What ſighs, what teares may counteruail my cares?
What ſhould I do, but ſtill his death bewaile,
That was the ſolace of my life and ſoule?
Now, now I want the wonted guide and ſtay
Of my deſires, and of my wreakleſſe thoughts,
My Lord, my loue, my life, my liking gone,
In whome was all the fulnes of my ioy,
To whom I gaue the firſt fruites of my loue,

Who with the comfort of his onely ſight,
All cares and ſorrowes could from me remoue.
But father, now my ioyes forepaſt to tel,
Doe but reuiue the horrors of my hell.
As ſhe that ſeemes in darkenes to behold
The gladſome pleaſures of the chearefull light.
Tanc. What then auailes thee fruitleſſe thus to rue
His abſence whom the heauens cannot returne:
Impartiall death thy husband did ſubdue,
Yet hath he ſpar'd thy kingly fathers life:
Who during life, to thee a double ſtay,
As father, and as husband will remaine,
With doubled loue to eaſe thy widowes want.
Of him whoſe want is cauſe of thy complaint,
Forbeare thou therefore al theſe needleſſe teares,
That nippe the bloſſoms of thy beauties pride.
Giſ. Father, theſe teares loue chalengeth of due.
Tan. But reaſon ſaith thou ſhouldſt the ſame ſubdue.
Giſ. His funerals are yet before my ſight.
Tan. In endles mones Princes ſhould not delight.
Giſ. The turtle pines in loſſe of her true mate.
Tan. And ſo continues poore and deſolate.
Giſ. Who can forget a iewell of ſuch price?
Tanc. She that hath learnd to maſter her deſires.
„ Let reaſon worke that time doth eaſilie frame
„ In meaneſt wittes: to beare the greateſt illes.
Giſ. So plenteous are the ſprings
Of ſorrowes that increaſe my paſſions,
As neither reaſon can recure my ſmart,
Nor can your care, nor fatherly comfort
Appeaſe the ſtormie combats of my thoughts,
Such is the ſweet remembrance of his life.
Then geue me leaue, of pittie pittie me,

And as I can I ſhall allay theſe greefes.
Tan. Theſe ſolitarie walkes thou doeſt frequent,
Yeeld freſh occaſions to thy ſecrete mones:
We wil therefore thou keep vs companie,
Leauing thy maidens with their harmonie.
Wend thou with vs, virgins withdraw your ſelues.
Tan. and Giſ. with the Gard, depart into the pallace, the four maydens ſtay behind, as Chorus to the Tragædie.
The diuers haps which alwayes worke our care, Chor. 1.
Our ioyes ſo farre, our woes ſo neere at hand,
Haue long ere this, and dayly doe declare
The fickle foot on which our ſtate doeth ſtand.
„ *Who plants his pleaſures here to gather roote,*
„ *And hopes his happy life wil ſtill endure,*
„ *Let him behold how death with ſtealing foote*
„ *Steps in, when he ſhall thinke his ioyes möſt ſure.*
„ *No ranſome ſerueth to redeem our daies.*
If prowes could preſerue, or worthy deedes,
He had yet liu'd whoſe twelue labours diſplayes
His enddleſſe fame, and yet his honor ſpreades.
And that great king that with ſo ſmall a power Alexander.
Bereft the might ie Perſian his crowne:
Doeth witneſſe well our life is but a flower,
Though it be deckt with honor and renowme.
„ What growes to day in fauor of the heauen, Chor. 2.
„ Nurſt with the ſun, and with the ſhowers ſweete,
„ Pluckt with the hand it withereth ere euen.
„ So paſſe our daies euen as the riuers fleete.
The valiant Greekes that vnto *Troya* gaue
The tenne yeeres ſiege, left but their names behind.
And he that did ſo long and onelie ſaue Hector.
His fathers walles, found there at laſt his end.

Proud Rome her ſelfe, that whilome laid her yoke
On the wide world, and vanquiſht all with warre,
Yet could ſhe not remoue the fatall ſtroke
Of death, from them that ſtretcht her power ſo farre.

Chor. 3. *Looke what the cruell ſiſters once decreed*
The thunderer himſelfe cannot remoue:
They are the Ladies of our deſtinie,
To worke beneath, what is conſpirde aboue,
But happie he that ends this mortall life,
By ſpeedie death, who is not forſt to ſee,
The many cares, nor feele the ſundrie griefes
Which we ſuſtaine, in wo and miſerie.
Heere Fortune rules, who when ſhe liſt to play,
Whirleth her wheele, and brings the high full low,
To morow takes, what ſhe hath giuen to daie,
To ſhew ſhe can aduance, and ouer throw.
Not Euripus vnquiet floud ſo oft
Ebs in a daie, and floweth too and fro,
As Fortunes change, pluckes downe that was aloft,
And mingleth ioy, with enterchange of wo.

Chor. 4. „ Who liues below, and feeleth not the ſtrokes,
„ Which often times on higheſt towers do fall,
„ Nor bluſtering winds, wherwith the ſtrongeſt okes
Are rent and torne, his life is ſurſte of all:
For he may ſcorne Fortune, that hath no power
On him, that is well pleaſd with his eſtate.
He ſeeketh not her ſweets, nor feares her ſower,
But liues contented in his quiet rate,
And marking how theſe worldly things do wade,
Reioyceth to himſelfe, and laughs to ſee
The folly of men, that in their wits haue made,
Fortune a goddeſſe, placed in the skie.

Finis Actus 1. *Exegit Rod. Staf.*

DEare Aunt, my ſole companion in diſtreſſe, *Giſmund.*
And true copartner of my thoughtfull cares:
When with my ſelfe, I way my preſent ſtate,
Comparing it with my forepaſſed daies,
New heapes of cares, afreſh beginne t'aſſay
My penſiue heart: as when the glittering raies,
Of bright *Phœbus*, are ſodainely ore-ſpred,
With duskie clouds, that dim his golden light,
Namely, when I, laid in my widowes bed,
Amid the ſilence, of the quiet night,
With curious thought, the fleeting courſe obſerue,
Of gladſome youth: how ſoone his flower decaies.
„ How time once paſt, may neuer haue recourſe,
„ No more then may the running ſtreames reuert,
„ To climbe the hilles, when they bin rowled down
„ The hollow vales, there is no curious art,
„ Nor worldlie power, no not the gods can hold
„ The ſway of flying time, nor him returne
„ When he is paſt: all things vnto his might
„ Muſt bend, and yeeld, vnto the Iron teeth
„ Of eating time: this in the ſhedy night,
When I record, how ſoone my youth withdrawes
It ſelfe away, how ſwift my pleaſaunt ſpring
Runnes out his race, this this (Aunt) is the cauſe.
When I aduiſe me ſadlie on this thing,
That makes my heart, in penſiue dumps diſmaid.
For if I ſhould, my ſpringing yeares neglect.
And ſuffer youth, fruitles to fade away:
Whereto liue I? or whereto was I borne?

Wherefore hath nature deckt me with her grace?
Why haue I taſted the delights of loue?
And felt the ſweets of Hymeneus bed?
But to ſay ſooth (deare Aunt) it is not I
Sole and alone, can thus content to ſpend
My chearefull yeares: my father will not ſtill
Prolong my mournings, which haue grieued him,
And pleaſed me too long. Then this I craue,
To be reſolued of his princelie minde.
For, ſtoode it with the pleaſure of his will
To marrie me, my fortune is not ſuch,
So hard, that I ſo long ſhould ſtill perſiſt
Makeleſſe alone in wofull widowhood,
And ſhall I tell mine Aunt? come hether then,
Geue me that hand, by thine owne right hand,
I charge thy heart my councels to conceale.
Late haue I ſeene, and ſeeing, tooke delight,
And with delight, I will not ſay, I loue,
A Prince, an Earle, a Countie in the Court.
But loue and duetie force me to refraine,
And driue away theſe fond affections,
Submitting them vnto my fathers heſt.
But this (good Aunt) this is my chiefeſt paine,
Becauſe I ſtand at ſuch vncertaine ſtay:
For if my kinglie father would decree
His finall doome, that I muſt leade my life
Such as I doe, I would content me then
To frame my fancies to his princely heaſt,
And as I might, endure the greefe thereof.
But now his ſilence doubleth all my doubts,
Whileſt my ſuſpitious thoughts twixt hope & feare,
Diſtract me into ſundrie paſſions.

There-

Therefore (good Aunt) this labour muſt be yours,
To vnderſtand my fathers will herein:
For wel I know your wiſdome knowes the meanes,
So ſhall you both allay my ſtormie thoughts,
And bring to quiet my vnquiet mind.
Luc. Sufficeth this (good Neece) that you haue ſaid,
For I perceiue what ſundrie paſſions
Striue in your breſt, which oftentimes ere this
Your countenance confuſed did bewray,
The ground whereof ſince I perceiue to grow
On iuſt reſpect of this your ſole eſtate,
And skilfull care of fleeting youths decay,
Your wiſe foreſight ſuch ſorrowing to eſchew
I much commend, and promiſe as I may
To breake this matter, and impart your mind,
Vnto your father, and to worke it ſo,
As both your honor ſhal not be impeacht,
Nor he vnſatisfied of your deſire.
Be you no farther greeued, but returne
Into your chamber. I ſhall take this charge,
And you ſhall ſhortlie truely vnderſtand
What I haue wrought, and what the king affirmes.
Giſ. I leaue you to the fortune of my ſtarres.
Giſ. departeth into her chamber, Luc. abiding on the ſtage.
Luc. The heauens I hope will fauour your requeſt.
My Neece ſhall not impute the cauſe to be
In my default, her will ſhould want effect:
But in the king is all my doubt, leaſt he
My ſuite for her new mariage ſhould reiect.
Yet ſhall I proue him: and I heard it ſaid,
He meanes this euening in the parke to hunt,
Here will I wait attending his approach.

Tancred

Tancred commeth out of his Pallace with Guiſzard *the Countie* Palurine, Iulio *the Lord Chamberlaine*, Renuchio *captaine of his Guard, all ready to hunt.* II. ii 371

Scæna. 2.

Tancred. VNcouple all our hounds: Lords to the chaſe:
Faire ſiſter Lucre, what's the newes with you?
Luc. Sir, as I alwaies haue imployd my power,
And faithfull ſeruice, ſuch as lay in me,
In my beſt wiſe, to honour you and yours:
So now, my bounden dutie moueth me,
Your maieſtie moſt humblie to intreat,
With patient eares, to vnderſtand the ſtate,
Of my pore neece, your daughter. *Tanc.* what of her?
Is ſhe not well? Inioyes ſhe not her health?
Say ſiſter, eaſe me of this iealous feare?
Lucr. She liues my Lord, & hath her outward helth,
But all the danger of her ſicknes lies
In the diſquiet of her princelie mind:
Tan. Reſolue me? what afflicts my daughter ſo,
Lucr. Since when the Princes hath intoumb'd her
Her late diſſeaſed husband of renowne: (Lord
Brother, I ſee, and verie well perceiue,
She hath not cloſ'de together in his graue,
All ſparkes of nature, kindnes, nor of loue:
But as ſhe liues, ſo liuing may ſhe feele,
Such paſſions as our tender hearts oppreſſe,
Subiect vnto th'impreſſions of deſire:
For well I wot, my neece was neuer wrought,
Of ſteele, nor carued from the ſtonie rocke,
Such ſtearne hardnes, we ought not to expect,
In her, whoſe princelie heart, and ſpringing yeares,

Yet

Yet flowring in the chiefeſt heat of youth,
Is lead of force, to feed on ſuch conceits,
As eaſilie befalles that age, which asketh ruth
Of them, whome nature bindeth by foreſight
Of their graue yeares, and carefull loue to reach,
The things that are aboue their feeble force:
And for that cauſe, dread Lord although.
Tanc. Siſter I ſay.
If you eſteeme, or ought reſpect my life,
Her honor, and the welfare of our houſe,
Forbeare, and wade no further in this ſpeech.
Your words, are wounds, I verie well perceiue,
The purpoſe of this ſmooth oration:
This I ſuſpected, when you firſt began,
This faire diſcourſe with vs: Is this the end
Of all our hopes, that we haue promiſed
Vnto our ſelfe, by this her widdowhood?
Would our deare daughter, would our onely ioy,
Would ſhe ferſake vs? would ſhe leaue vs now?
Before ſhe hath cloſde vp, our dying eies,
And with her teares, bewaild our funerall?
No other ſolace, doth her father craue,
But whilſt the fates, maintaine his dying life,
Her healthfull preſence, gladſome to his ſoule,
Which rather then he willing would for-goe,
His heart deſires, the bitter taſt of death:
Her late marriage, hath taught vs to our griefe,
That in the fruits, of her perpetuall ſight
Conſiſts the onely comfort and reliefe,
Of our vnweldy age: for what delight
What ioy? what comfort? haue we in this world,
Now growen in yeares, and ouer-worne with cares,

Subiect vnto the ſodain ſtroke of death,
Already falling like the mellowed fruite,
And dropping by degrees into our graue.
But what reuiues vs? what maintaines our ſoule
Within the priſon of our withered breſt?
But our *Giſmunda* and her chearefull ſight.
O daughter, daughter, what deſert of mine,
Wherein haue I beene ſo vnkind to thee?
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to make my naked houſe
Yet once againe ſtand deſolate by thee?
O let ſuch fanſies vaniſh with their thoughts,
Tell her I am her father, whoſe eſtate,
Wealth, honor, life, and all that we poſſeſſe,
Whollie relies vpon her preſence here.
Tell her I muſt account her all my ioy,
Worke as ſhe will: But yet ſhe were vniuſt,
To haſte his death that liueth by her ſight
Lucr. Her gentle hart abhors ſuch ruthles thoughts.
Tan. Then let her not geue place to theſe deſires.
Lucr. She craues the right that nature chalengeth.
Tan. Tell her the king commaundeth otherwiſe.
Lucr. The kings cõmandment alwais ſhould be iuſt.
Tan. What ere it be the kings commaund is iuſt.
Lucr. Iuſt to commaund: but iuſtlie muſt he charge.
Tanc. He chargeth iuſtlie that commands as king.
Lucr. The kings command concerns the body beſt.
Tan. The king commands obedience of the minde.
Luc. That is exempted by the law of kinde,
Tan. That law of kind to children doth belong.
Luc, In due obedience to their open wrong.
Tan. I then, as king and father, will commaund.
Luc. No more then may with right of reaſon ſtand.

Tan.

Tan. Thou knoweſt our minde, reſolue her, depart,
Returne the chaſe, we haue beene chac'd enough.
Tancred returneth into his pallace, & leaueth the hunt.
Luc. He cannot heare, anger hath ſtopt his eares.
And ouer-loue his iudgement hath decaide.
Ah my poore Neece, I ſhrewdly feare thy cauſe.
Thy iuſt complaint ſhall neuer be relieu'd.

II. iii Giſmunda *commeth alone out of her chamber.*

Scæna 3.

Giſ. BY this I hope my aunt hath mou'd the king.
And knows his mind, & makes return to me
To end at once all this perplexitie.
Lo where ſhe ſtands. Oh how my trembling heart
In doubtfull thoughts panteth within my breſt.
For in her meſſage doth relie my ſmart,
Or the ſweet quiet of my troubled minde.
Luc. Neece, on the point you lately willed me
To treat of with the king in your behalfe,
I brake euen now with him ſo farre, till he
In ſodain rage of griefe, ere I ſcarce had
My tale out tolde, praid me to ſtint my ſuite,
As that from which his minde abhorred moſt.
And well I ſee his fanſie to refute,
Is but diſpleaſure gainde, and labor loſt.
So firmely fixed ſtands his kingly will,
That til his body ſhalbe lai d in graue,
He will not part from the deſired ſight
Of your preſence, which ſilder he ſhould haue,
If he had once allied you againe,
In marriage to any prince or peere.

This is his finall reſolution.
Giſ. A reſolution that reſolues my bloud
Into the Ice-ſie drops of Lethes flood,
Luc. Therefore my counſel is, you ſhall not ſturre,
Nor further wade in ſuch a caſe as this:
But ſince his will, is grounded on your loue,
And that it lies in you, to ſaue or ſpill,
His old fore-waſted age: you ought t'eſchew,
The thing that greeues ſo much his crazed heart,
And in the ſtate you ſtand, content your ſelfe:
And let this thought, appeaſe your troubled mind,
That in your hands, relies your fathers death,
Or blisfull life, and ſince without your ſight,
He cannot liue, nor can his thoughts indure,
Your hope of marriage, you muſt then relent,
And ouer-rule theſe fond affections:
Leaſt it be ſaid, you wrought your fathers end.
Giſ. Deare Aunt, I haue with patient eares indurde,
The hearing of my fathers hard beheſt:
And ſince I ſee, that neither I my ſelfe,
Nor your requeſt, can ſo preuaile with him,
Nor anie ſage aduice perſwade his mind
To grant me my deſire, In willing wiſe,
I muſt ſubmit me vnto his command,
And frame my heart to ſerue his maieſtie.
And (as I may) to driue awaie the thoughts
That diuerſly diſtract my paſſions,
Which as I can, Ile labour to ſubdue,
But ſore I feare, I ſhall but toile in vaine,
Wherein (good Ant) I muſt deſire your paine.
Luc. What lies in me by comfort or aduice,
I ſhall diſcharge with all humilitie.

Giſmund and Lucre depart into Giſmunds chamber.

Chorus primus.

Who markes our former times and preſent yeres,
What we are now, and lookes what we haue bin,
He cannot but lament with bitter teares,
The great decay and change of all women.
For as the world wore on and waxed olde,
So vertue quaild, and vice began to grow.
So that, that age, that whilome was of golde,
Is worſe than braſſe, more vile than yron now,
The times were ſuch, that if we ought beleeue
Of elder daies) women examples were,
Of rare vertues: Lucre diſdaind to liue
Longer then chaſt: and boldly without feare
Tooke ſharpe reuenge on her inforced heart,
With her owne hands: for that it not withſtood
The wanton will, but yeelded to the force
Of proud *Tarquin*, who bought hir fame with blood.
Queene Artemiſſa thought an hepe of ſtones, Chor. 2.
(Although they were the wonder of that age)
A worthleſſe graue, wherein to reſt the bones
Of her deare Lord, but with bold courage,
She dranke his heart, and made her louely breaſt
His tombe, and failed not of wifely faith,
Of promiſt loue, and of her bound beheſt,
Vntill ſhe ended had her daies by death.
Vlyſſes wife (ſuch was her ſtedfaſtneſſe)
Abode his ſlow returne whole twentie yeeres:
And ſpent her youthfull daies in penſiuenes,
Bathing her widdowes bed with briniſh teares.
The ſtout daughter of *Cato Brutus* wife, *Portia* Chor. 3
When ſhe had heard his death, did not deſire
Longer to liue: and lacking vſe of knife,

(A moſt ſtrange thing) ended her life by fire,
And eat whot burning coales: O worthy dame!
O vertues worthy of eternall praiſe!
The floud of Lethe cannot waſh out thy fame,
To others great reproach, ſhame, and diſpraiſe.
Chor. 4. *Rare are thoſe vertues now in womens mind,*
Where ſhall we ſeeke ſuch iewels paſsing ſtrange?
Scarſe can you now among a thouſand finde
One woman ſtedfaſt: all delight in change.
Marke but this princeſſe that lamented here,
Of late ſo ſore her noble husbands death,
And thought to liue alone without a pheare,
Behold how ſoone ſhe changed hath that breath.
I thinke thoſe Ladies that haue liu'd t ofore,
A mirror and a glaſſe to womenkinde,
By thoſe their vertues they did ſet ſuch ſtore,
That vnto vs they none bequeath'd behinde.
Els in ſo many yeeres we might haue ſeene
As vertuous as euer they haue beene.
Chor. 1. Yet let not vs maydens condemne our kinde,
Becauſe our vertues are not all ſo rare:
For we may freſhly yet record in minde,
There liues a virgin, one without compare:
Who of all graces hath her heauenly ſhare.
In whoſe renowme, and for whoſe happie daies,
Let vs record this Pæan of her praiſe.

Cantant.

Finis Actus 2. *Per Hen. No.*

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1. *III. i*

Cupid. SO, now they feel what lordly loue can d
that proudly practiſe to deface his nam

In vaine they wraſtle with ſo fierce a foe,
of little ſparkes ariſe a blazing flame.
„ By ſmall occaſions loue can kindle heate,
„ and waſt the Oken breſt to cinder duſt:
Giſmund I haue entiſed to forget
her widdowes weedes, and burne in raging luſt:
Twas I enforſt her father to denie
her ſecond marriage to any peere:
Twas I allur'd her once againe to trie
the ſower ſweetes that Louers buy too deere.
The Countie *Palurin*, a man right wiſe,
a man of exquiſite perfections:
I haue like wounded with her pearſing eyes,
and burnt her heart with his reflections.
Theſe two ſhall ioy in taſting of my ſweete,
to make them proue more feelingly the greefe
That bitter brings: for when their ioyes ſhall fleete,
their dole ſhalbe increaſt without releefe.
Thus loue ſhall make worldlings to know his might,
thus loue ſhall force great princes to obey.
Thus loue ſhall daunt each proud rebelling ſpirite,
thus loue ſhall wreake his wrath on their decay.
Their ghoſtes ſhall doe black hell to vnderſtand,
how great and wonderfull a God is Loue:
And this ſhall learne the Ladies of this lande,
with patient mindes his mighty power to proue.
From whence I did deſcend now will I mount,
to Ioue, and all the Gods in their delights:
In throne of triumph there will I recount,
how I by ſharpe reuenge on mortall wights,
Haue taught the earth, and learned helliſh ſpirites
to yeeld with feare their ſtubburn hearts to loue:

Leſt

Leaſt their diſdain, his plagues and vengeance proue

Cupid remounteth into the heauens.

Lucrece commeth out of Giſmunds *Chamber ſolitary.* *III. ii*

Scæna. 2.

Luc. PItie, that moueth euery gentle heart,
To rue their griefs, that be diſtreſt in pain,
Inforceth me, to waile my neeces ſmart,
Whoſe tender breſt, no long time may ſuſtaine,
The reſtleſſe toyle, that her vnquiet mind,
Hath cauſd her feeble bodie to indure,
But why it is, (alacke) I muſt not find,
Nor know the man, by whome I might procure
Her remedie, as I of dutie ought,
As to the law of kindſhip, doth belong,
With carefull heart, the ſecret meanes I ſought,
Though ſmall effect, is of my trauell ſprong:
Full often as I durſt, I haue aſſaid,
With humble words, the princes to require,
To name the man, which ſhe hath ſo denaid,
That it abaſht me, further to deſire, (ceed,
Or aske from whence, thoſe cloudie thoughts pro-
Whoſe ſtonie force: that ſmokie ſighs forth ſend,
Is liuelie witnes, how that carefull dread,
And hot deſire, within her doe contend:
Yet ſhe denies, what ſhe confeſt of yore,
And then conioynd me, to conceale the ſame:
She loued once, (ſhe ſaith) but neuer more,
Nor euer will, her fancie thereto frame:
Though daily, I obſerued in my breſt,
What ſharpe conflicts, diſquiet her ſo ſore,

That

That heauy ſleep cannot procure her reſt,
But fearefull dreames preſent her euermore
Moſt hideous ſights her quiet to moleſt.
That ſtarting oft therwith ſhe doth awake,
To muſe vpon thoſe fancies which torment
Her thoughtfull heart with horror, that doth make
Her cold chil ſweat break foorth incontinent
From her weake lims: and while the quiet night
Geues others reſt, ſhe turning to and fro
Doth wiſh for day. But when the day brings light,
She keepes her bed, there to record her woe.
As ſoon as when ſhe riſeth flowing teares
Stream down her chekes, immixt with dedly grones
Whereby her inward ſorow ſo appeares,
That as ſalt teares the cruell cauſe bemones.
In caſe ſhe be conſtrained to abide
In preace of company, ſhe ſcarcely may
Her trembling voice reſtraine it be not ſpied
From careful plaints her ſorrowes to bewray.
By which reſtraint the force doth ſo increaſe,
When time and place geue liberty to plaine.
That as ſmall ſtreames from running neuer ceaſe,
Til they returne into the ſeas againe:
So her laments we feare wil not amend,
Before they bring her Princely life to end.
To others talke when as ſhe ſhould attend,
Her heaped cares her ſences ſo oppreſſe,
That what they ſpeak, or wherto their words tende
She knowes not, as her anſweres do expreſſe.
Her chiefe delight is ſtil to be alone,
Her penſiue thoughts within themſelues debate,
But whereupon this reſtleſſe life is growen,

Since I know not nor how the ſame t'abate.
I can no more but wiſh it as I may,
That he which knowes it would the ſame allay,
For which the Muſes with my ſong ſhal pray.

After the ſong, which was by report very ſweetely repeated of the Chorus, Lucrece *departeth into* Giſmunds *chamber, and* Guiſzhard *commeth out of the Pallace with* Iulio *&* Renuchio, *gentlemen, to whom he turneth, and ſaith.* 688 III. iii

Scæna. 3.

Guiſ. LEaue me my frends, this ſolitarie walke
Intiſeth me to breake your companie.
Leaue me my frends, I can endure no talk.
Let me intreat this common curteſie.

The Gentlemen depart.

WHat greeuous pain they dure which neither may
Forget their Loues, ne yet enioy their loue.
I know by proofe, and daily make aſſay,
Though Loue hath brought my Ladies hart to loue
My faithfull loue with like loue to requite:
This doeth not quench, but rather cauſe to flame
The creeping fire, which ſpreading in my breſt
With raging heat, graunts me no time of reſt.
If they bewaile their cruell deſtenie,
Which ſpend their loue wher they no loue can find
Wel may I plaine, ſince Fortune haleth me
To this torment of far more greeuous kind.
Wherein I feele as much extremitie,
As may be felt in body or in minde.
For by that ſight which ſhould recure my paine,
My ſorowes are redoubled all in vaine.
Now I perceiue that only I alone
Am her belou'd, her lookes aſſure me ſo:

The thought thereof prouokes me to bemone
Her heauy plight that greeueth at my woe.
This entercourſe of our affections:
I her to ſerue, ſhe thus to honor me,
Bewraies the trueth of our elections,
Delighting in this mutual ſympathie.
Thus loue for loue intreates the Queen of loue,
That with her help Loues ſolace we may proue.
I ſee my miſtres ſeekes as well as I
To ſtay the ſtrife of her perplexed mind:
Full faine ſhe would our ſecrete companie,
If ſhe the wiſhed way therof might finde.
Heauens haue ye ſeen, or hath the age ofman
Recorded ſuch a myracle as this?
In equall loue two noble harts to frame,
That neuer ſpake one with anothers bliſſe,
I am aſſured that ſhe doth aſſent,
To my reliefe that I ſhould reape the ſame,
If ſhe could frame the meanes of my content,
Keeping her ſelfe from danger of defame.
In happy houre right now I did receiue
This cane from her: which gift though it be ſmall,
Receiuing it what ioyes I did conceiue,
Within my fainting ſpirits therewithall,
Who knoweth loue aright may wel conceaue,
By like aduentures that to them befall.
„ For needs the Louer muſt eſteeme that well,
„ Which comes from her with whom his hart doth dwel.
Aſſuredly it is not without cauſe
She gaue me this: ſomething ſhe meant thereby:
For therewithall I might perceiue her pauſe
Awhile, as though ſome waightie thing did lie

Vpon her heart, which he conceald, becauſe
The ſtanders by ſhould not our loues deſcrie,
This clift bewraies that it hath been diſcloſde.
Perhaps herein ſhe hath ſomething incloſde.
He breakes it.
O thou great thunderer! who would not ſerue,
Where wit with beautie choſen haue their place,
Who could deuiſe more wiſely to conſerue
Things from ſuſpect? O *Venus*, for this grace
That daines me, all vnworthy, to deſerue
So rare a loue, in heauen I ſhould thee place.
This ſweet letter ſome ioyfull newes conteines.
I hope it brings recure to both our paines.
He reades it.
Mine owne, as I am yours, whoſe heart (I know)
No leſſe then mine, for lingering help of woe
Doth long too long: Loue tendering your caſe
And mine, hath taught recure of both our pain.
My chamber floure doth hide a caue, where was
An olde vautes mouth: the other in the plaine
Doeth riſe Southward, a furlong from the wall,
Deſcend you there. This ſhall ſuffice. And ſo
I yeeld my ſelfe, mine honor, life and all,
To you. Vſe you the ſame as there may grow
Your bliſſe and mine (mine Earle) and that the ſame
Free may abide from danger of defame.
Farewell, and fare ſo well as that your ioy
Which onely can, may comfort mine annoy.
Yours more then his owne, Giſmund.
O blisful chance my ſorowes to aſſwage.
Wonder of nature, maruell of our age,
Comes this from *Giſmund*? did ſhe thus infold
This letter in the cane? may it be ſo?

It were too ſweet a ioy, I am deceu'd.
Why ſhall I doubt, did ſhe not giue it me?
Therewith ſhe ſmilde, ſhe ioyde, ſhe raught the cane
And with her owne ſweet hand ſhe gaue it me:
And as we danſt, ſhe dallied with the cane,
And ſweetly whiſpered I ſhould be her king,
And with this cane the ſcepter of our rule,
Command the ſweets of her ſurpriſed heart.
Therewith ſhe raught from her alluring lockes,
This golden treſſe, the fauour of her grace,
And with her owne ſweet hand ſhe gaue it me.
O peereles Queene, my ioy, my hearts decree;
And thou faire Letter, how ſhall I welcome thee:
Both hand and pen wherewith thou written wert,
Bleſt may ye be, ſuch ſolace that impart,
And bleſſed be this cane, and he that taught
Thee to deſcrie the hidden entrie thus:
Not onely through a darke and dreadfull vaut,
But fire and ſword, and through what euer be,
Miſtres of my deſires, I come to thee.

Guiſzard departeth in haſt vnto the pallace.

Chorus. 1.

Right mightie is thy power, O cruell Loue,
High Ioue himſelfe cannot reſiſt thy bow,
Thou ſent'ſt him down, euen frõ the heauens aboue,
In ſundrie ſhapes here to the earth below,
Then how ſhall mortall men eſcape thy dart?
The feruent flame, and burning of thy fire?
Since that thy might is ſuch, and ſince thou art,
Both of the ſeas and land the Lord and fire.
But why doth he that ſprung from Ioues high head? Chor. 2.
And Phœbus ſiſter ſhene, deſpiſe thy power?

Ne feares thy bow? why haue they alwaies led
A maiden life, and kept vntoucht the flowre?
Why doth *Ægiſtus* loue? and to obteine
His wicked wil, conſpires his vncles death,
Or why doth Phædra burne? for whom is ſlaine
Theſeus chaſt ſonne? or Helen falſe of faith?
„ For Loue aſſauts not but the idle heart,
„ And ſuch as liue in pleaſure and delight,
„ He turne th oft their gladſome ioyes to ſmart,
„ Their play to plaint, their ſport into deſpite,
Tis true that *Dian* chaſeth with her bow,
Chor. 3. The flying Hart, the Goat and fomie Bore,
By hil, by dale, in heat, in froſt, in ſnow,
She recketh not, but laboureth euermore.
Loue ſeeks not her, ne knoweth where her to finde,
Whil'ſt *Paris* kept his heard on Ida downe
Cupid nere ſought him out, for he is blinde.
But when he left the field to liue in towne,
He fel into his ſnare, and brought that brand
From Greece to Troy, which after ſet on fire
Strong Ilium, and al the Phryges land.
„ Such are the fruites of loue, ſuch is his hire.
Chor. 4. Who yeeldeth vnto him his captiue heart,
Ere he reſiſt, and holds his open breaſt
Withouten war to take his bloudy dart,
Let him not thinke to ſhake off when him liſt
His heauy yoke. „ Reſiſt his firſt aſſault,
„ Weake is his bow, his quenched brand is cold,
„ Cupid is but a child, and cannot daunt
„ The minde that beares him, or his vertues bold.
But he geues poyſon ſo to drinke in golde.
And hideth vnder pleaſant baites his hooke,

But

But ye beware, it wil be hard to hold
Your greedy minds, but if ye wiſely looke
What ſlie ſnake lurkes vnder thoſe flowers gay,
But ye miſtruſt ſome clowdie ſmokes, and feare
A ſtormy ſhower after ſo faire a day.
Ye may repent, and buy your pleaſure deare,
For ſeldome times is Cupid wont to ſend
„ Vnto an idle loue a ioyful end.

Finis Actus 3. *G. Al.*

IV. i *Before this Act Megæra riſeth out of hell, with the other Furies, Alecto and Tyſyphone, dauncing an helliſh round: which done ſhe ſaith.*

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1.

SIſters be gone, bequeath the reſt to me,
That yet belongs vnto this Tragædie.
The two Furies depart down.
Vengeance and death from foorth the deepeſt hell
I bring the curſed houſe where *Giſmund* dwels.
Sent from the griſlie god that holds his raigne
In Tartars vglie Realm, where Pelops ſire
(Who with his own ſonnes fleſh whom he had ſlain
Did feaſt the Gods) with famin hath his hire.
To gape and catch at flying fruites iu vaine,
And yeelding waters to his gaſping throte,
Where ſtormie Æoles ſonne with endleſſe paine
Rowles vp the rock: where Titius hath his lot
To feede the Gripe that gnawes his growing heart.
Where proud Ixion wherled on the wheele,

Purſues

Purſues himſelfe: where due deſerued ſmart
The damned Ghoſts in burning flame do feele,
From thence I mount: thither the winged God,
Nephew to Atlas, that vpholds the skie,
Of late downe from the earth, with golden rod,
To Stigian Firrie, Salerne ſoules did guide,
And made report, how Loue that lordly boy,
Highly diſdaining his renownes decay,
Slipt downe from heauen, haue fild with fickle ioy,
Giſmunds heart, and made her throw awaie
Chaſtnes of life, to her immortall ſhame,
Minding to ſhew by proofe of her foule end,
Some terror vnto thoſe that ſcorne his name.
Blacke Pluto (that once found Cupid his friend
In winning Ceres daughter Queene of hels)
And Parthie moued by the grieued Ghoſt
Of her late husband, that in Tartar dwels,
Who praid due paines for her, that thus hath loſt
All care of him, and of her chaſtitie,
The Senate then of hell by graue aduice
Of Minos, Æac, and of Radamant,
Commands me draw this hatefull aire, and riſe
Aboue the earth, with dole and death to dant
The pride and preſent ioyes, wherewith theſe two
Feed their diſdained hartes, which now to do
Behold I come, with inſtruments of death.
This ſtinging ſnake which is of hate and wrath,
Ile fixe vpon her fathers heart full faſt,
And into hers, this other will I caſt,
Whoſe rankling venome ſhall infect them ſo
With enuious wrath, and with recureleſſe wo
Each ſhall be others plague and ouerthrow.

„ Furies muſt aide when men ſurceaſe to know
„ Their gods: and hel ſends foorth reuenging paine
, On thoſe whom ſhame from ſin cannot reſtraine.

IV. ii Megæra *entreth into the pallace, and meeteth with* Tancred *comming out of* Giſmunds *chamber with* Renuchio *and* Iulia, *vpon whom ſhe throweth her Snake.*

Scæna. 2.

Tan. GOds are ye guyds of iuſtice and reuenge?
O thou great Thunderer, doeſt thou beholde
With watchful eyes the ſubtile ſcapes of men
Hardned in ſhame, ſear'd vp in the deſire
Of their owne luſtes: why then doſt thou withhold
The blaſt of thy reuenge? why doeſt thou graunt
Such liuely breath, ſuch lewd occaſion
To execute their ſhameleſſe villanie?
Thou, thou art cauſe of al this open wrong,
Thou that forbear'ſt thy vengeance all too long,
If thou ſpare them raine then vpon my head
The fulneſſe of thy plagues with deadly ire,
To reaue this ruthfull ſoule, who all too ſore
Burnes in the wrathfull torments of reuenge.
O earth the mother of each liuing wight,
Open thy wombe, deuour this withered corps,
And thou O hel, (if other hel there be
Then that I feele) receiue my ſoule to thee.
O daughter, daughter, wherefore do I grace
Her with ſo kind a name? O thou fond girle,
The ſhamefull ruine of thy fathers houſe,

Is this my hoped ioy? is this the ſtay
Muſt glad my griefe-ful yeares that waſt away?
For life which firſt thou didſt receiue from me,
Ten thouſand deaths ſhal I receiue by thee?
For al the ioyes I did repoſe in thee,
Which I (fond man) did ſettle in thy ſight,
Is this my recompence? that I muſt ſee
The thing ſo ſhameful, and ſo villanous.
That would to God this earth had ſwalowed
This worthleſſe burthen into loweſt deepes,
Rather then I (accurſed) had beheld
The ſight that howerly maſſacars my life.
O whether, whether flyeſt thou foorth my ſoule?
O whether wandreth my tormented mind?
Thoſe paines that make the miſer glad of death
Haue ceaz'd on me, and yet I cannot haue
What villains may commaund, a ſpeedie death.
Whom ſhal I firſt accuſe for this outrage?
That God that guideth all, and guideth ſo
This damned deede. Shal I blaſpheme their names?
The gods the authors of this ſpectacle:
Or ſhal I iuſtly curſe that cruel ſtarre
Whoſe influence aſſigned this deſtinie?
But nay, that traitor, ſhal that vile wretch liue
By whom I haue receau'd this iniurie?
Or ſhal I longer make account of her
That fondly proſtitutes her widowes ſhame?
I haue bethought me what I ſhall requeſt.

He kneeles.

On bended knees, with hands heau'd vp to he auen
This (ſacred ſenate of the Gods) I craue,
Firſt on the traytor your counſming ire:

Next, on the curſed ſtrumpet dire reuenge:
Laſt, on my ſelfe, the wretched father, ſhame.
He riſeth.
Oh could I ſtampe, and therewithall commaund
Armies of Furies to aſſiſt my heart,
To proſecute due vengeance on their ſoules.
Heare me my frends, but as ye loue your liues,
Replie not to me, hearken and ſtand amaz'd,
When I (as is my wont) oh fond delight,
Went foorth to ſeek my daughter, now my death,
Within her chamber (as I thought) ſhe was,
But there I found her not, I demed then
For her diſport ſhe and her maidens were
Downe to the garden walkt to comfort them,
And thinking thus, it came into my mind
There all alone to tarry her returne:
And thereupon I (wearie) threw my ſelfe
Vpon her widdowes bed (for ſo I thought)
And in the curten wrapt my curſed head.
Thus as I lay anon I might beholde
Out of the vaut vp through her chamber floore
My daughter *Giſmund* bringing hand in hande
The Countie *Palurin*, alas it is too true,
At her beds feete this traitor made me ſee
Her ſhame, his treaſon, and my deadly griefe.
Her Princelie body yeelded to this theefe.
The high deſpite wherof ſo wounded me
That traunce-like, as a ſenceles ſtone I lay,
For neither wit, nor tongue could vſe the meane
T'expreſſe the paſſions of my pained heart.
Forceleſſe, perforce, I ſunke downe to this paine,
As greedie famin doth conſtraine the hauke,

Peecemeale to rent and teare the yeelding praie:
So far'd it with me in that heauie ſtound,
But now what ſhal I doe? how may I ſeeke
To eaſe my minde that burneth with deſire
Of dire reuenge? For neuer ſhal my thoughts
Graunt eaſe vnto my heart, til I haue found
A meane of vengeance to requite his paines,
That firſt conueyd this ſight vnto my ſoule.
Tan. Renuchio.
Renu. What is your Highnes will?
Tan. Call my daughter: my heart boyles till I ſee
Her in my ſight, to whom I may diſcharge
All the vnreſt that thus diſtempereth me.
Should I deſtroy them both? O gods ye know
How neere and deere our daughter is to vs.
And yet my rage perſwades me to imbrue
My thirſtie hands in both their trembling bloods,
Therewith to coole my wrathful furies heate.
But Nature, why repin'ſt thou at this thought?
Why ſhould I thinke vpon a fathers debt
To her that thought not on a daughters due?
But ſtil me thinks if I ſhould ſee her die,
And therewithall reflexe her dying eyes
Vpon mine eyes, that ſight would ſlit my heart.
Not much vnlike the Cocatrice, that ſlaies
The obiect of his foule infections.
Oh what a conflict doth my mind endure?
Now fight my thoughts againſt my paſſions:
Now ſtriue my paſſions againſt my thoughts.
Now ſweates my heart, now chil cold falles it dead.
Helpe heauens, and ſuccour ye Celeſtiall powers,
Infuſe your ſecrete vertue on my ſoule.

ſhall

Shall nature winne? ſhall iuſtice not preuaile?
Shall I (a king) be proued partiall?
„ How ſhall our Subiects then inſult on vs,
„ When our examples (that are light to them)
„ Shalbe eclipſed with our proper deedes?
And may the armes be rented from the tree?
The members from the body be diſſeuer'd?
And can the heart endure no violence?
My daughter is to me mine onlie heart,
My life, my comfort, my continuance,
Shall I be then not only ſo vnkinde
To paſſe all natures ſtrength, and cut her off.
But therewithall ſo cruell to my ſelfe,
Againſt all law of kinde to ſhred in twaine
The golden threed that doth vs both maintaine.
But were it that my rage ſhould ſo commaund,
And I conſent to her vntimelie death,
Were this an end to all our miſeries?
No, no, her ghoſt wil ſtill purſue our life.
And from the deep her bloodles gaſtfull ſpirit
Wil as my ſhadow in the ſhining day,
Follow my footſteps till ſhe take reuenge.
I will doe thus therefore: the traitor dies,
Becauſe he ſcornd the fauor of his king,
And our diſpleaſure wilfullie incurde:
His ſlaughter, with her ſorow for his bloud,
Shall to our rage ſupplie delightfull foode.
Iulio.
Iul. What iſt your Maieſtie commaunds?
Tan. Iulio, if we haue not our hope in vaine,
Nor all the truſt we doe repoſe in thee:
Now muſt we trie if thou approue the ſame.

Herein thy force and wiſdome we muſt ſee,
For our commaund requires them both of thee.
Iul. How by your Graces bounty I am bound,
Beyond the common bond wherein each man
Stands bound vnto his king, how I haue found
Honor and wealth by fauor in your ſight,
I doe acknowledge with moſt thankfull minde.
My trueth (with other meanes to ſerue your Grace,
What euer you in honor ſhall aſſigne)
Hath ſworne her power true vaſſall to your heſt,
For proofe let but your Maieſtie commaund
I ſhall vnlock the priſon of my ſoule,
(Although vnkindlie horror would gaine-ſay)
Yet in obedience to your Highnes will,
By whom I hold the tenor of this life,
This hand and blade wil be the inſtruments,
To make pale death to grapple with my heart.
Tan. Wel, to be ſhort (for I am greeu'd too long
By wrath without reuenge) I thinke you know
Whilom a Pallace builded ſtrong
For warre, within our Court, where dreadleſſe peace
Hath planted now a weaker entrance.
But of that pallace yet one vaut remaines,
Within our Court, the ſecret way whereof
Is to our daughter *Giſmunds* chamber laide:
There is alſo another mouth hereof,
Without our wall: which now is ouergrowen,
But you may finde it out, for yet it lies
Directly South a furlong from our place:
It may be knowen, hard by an auncient ſtoope,
Where grew an Oke in elder daies decaide,
There wil we that you watch, there ſhall you ſee

A vil-

A villain traitor mount out of a vaut:
Bring him to vs, it is th'Earle *Palurin*,
What is his fault neither ſhal you enquire,
Nor liſt we to diſcloſe, theſe curſed eyes
Haue ſeene the flame, this heart hath felt the fire
That cannot els be quencht but with his bloud.
This muſt be done: this will we haue you do.
Iul. Both this, and els what euer you thinke good.
Iulio *departeth into the Pallace.*

IV. iii Renugio *bringeth* Giſmund *out of her chamber, to whom* Tancred *ſaith.*

Scæna 3.

REnugio depart, leaue vs alone.
Exit Renugio.
Giſmund, if either I could caſt aſide
All care of thee: or if thou wouldſt haue had
Some care of me, it would not now betide
That either thorow thy fault my ioy ſhould fade,
Or by thy folly I ſhould beare the paine
Thou haſt procur'd: but now tis neither I
Can ſhun the griefe: whom thou haſt more thẽ ſlain
Nor maiſt thou heale, or eaſe the grieuous wound,
Which thou haſt geuen me. That vnſtained life
Wherein I ioy'd, and thought it thy delight,
Why haſt thou loſt it? Can it be reſtor'd?
Where is thy widdowhood, there is thy ſhame.
Giſmund, it is no mans, nor mens report,
That haue by likely proofes enformd me thus.
Thou knoweſt how hardly I could be induc'd

To

To vex my ſelfe, snd be diſpleaſde with thee,
With flying tales of flattering Sicophants.
No, no, there was in vs ſuch ſetled truſt
Of thy chaſte life, and vncorrupted minde:
That if theſe eyes had not beheld thy ſhame,
In vaine ten thouſand cenſures could haue tolde,
That thou didſt once vnprincelike make agree
With that vile traitor Countie *Palurin*.
Without regard had to thy ſelfe or me,
Vnſhamefaſtly to ſtaine thy ſtate and mine.
But I vnhappieſt haue beheld the ſame,
And ſeeing it, yet feele th'exceding griefe
That ſlaies my heart with horror of that thought.
Which griefe commandes me to obey my rage,
And Iuſtice vrgeth ſome extreame reuenge,
To wreake the wrongs that haue been offred vs.
But Nature that hath lockt within thy breſt
Two liues: the ſame inclineth me to ſpare
Thy bloud, and ſo to keep mine owne vnſpilt.
This is that ouerweening-loue I beare
To thee vnduetifull, and vndeſerued.
But for that traitor, he ſhal ſurelie die,
For neither right nor nature doth intreat
For him, that wilfully without all awe
Of gods, or men, or of our deadly hate,
Incurde the iuſt diſpleaſure of his king.
And to be briefe, I am content to know
What for thy ſelfe thou canſt obiect to vs,
Why thou ſhouldſt not together with him die,
So to aſſwage the griefes that ouerthrow
Thy fathers heart.

Gif. O king, and father, humbly geue her leaue

To

To plead for grace, that ſtands in your diſgrace.
Not that ſhe recks this life: for I confeſſe
I haue deſeru'd, when ſo it pleaſeth you,
To die the death. Mine honor and my name
(As you ſuppoſe) diſtained with reproach,
And wel contented ſhall I meet the ſtroke
That muſt diſſeuer this deteſted head
Frõ theſe lewd limmes. But this I wiſh were known
That now I liue not for my ſelfe alone.
For when I ſaw that neither my requeſt,
Nor the intreatie of my carefull Aunt,
Could winne your Highnes pleaſure to our will:
„ Then Loue, heate of the heart, life of the ſoule,
„ Fed by deſire, increaſing by reſtraint,
Would not endure controlment any more:
But violently enforſt my feebled heart.
(For who am I alas, ſtill to reſiſt
Such endleſſe conflicts) To relent and yeelde
Therewith I choſe him for my Lord and pheare.
Guiſzard mine Earle that holds my loue full deare,
Then if it be ſo ſetled in your mind,
He ſhall not liue becauſe he dar'd to loue
Your daughter. Thus I geue your Grace to know
Within his heart there is incloſde my life.
Therfore O father, if that name may be
Sweet to your eares, and that we may preuaile
By name of father, that you fauour vs.
But otherwiſe, if now we cannot finde
That which our falſed hope did promiſe vs.
Why then proceed, and rid our trembling hearts
Of theſe ſuſpitions: ſince neither in this caſe
His good deſerts in ſeruice to your Grace,

Which alwaies haue bin iuſt, nor in deſires
May mittigate the cruel rage of griefe.
That ſtraines your heart, but that mine Earl muſt die
Then all in vaine you aske what I can ſay
Why I ſhould liue, ſufficeth for my part
To ſay I wil not liue, and ſo reſolue.
Tan. Dar'ſt thou ſo deſperat decree thy death?
Giſ. A dreadles heart delites in ſuch decrees.
Tan. Thy kind abhorreth ſuch vnkindly thoughts.
Giſ. Vnkindly thoughts they are to them that liue
In kindly loue. *Tan.* As I doe vnto thee.
Giſ. To take his life who is my loue to me.
Tan. Haue I then loſt thy loue? *Giſ.* If he ſhal loſe
His life, that is my loue. *Tan.* Thy loue. Be gone.
Returne vnto thy chamber. *Giſ.* I wil goe.

Giſmund departeth to her chamber.

Iulio with his gard bringeth in the County Pal. priſoner IV. iv

Scæna. 4.

Iu. IF it pleaſe your highnes hither haue we broght
This captiue Earl as you commanded vs.
Whõ (as we wer fortold) euen there we found
Where by your maieſty we were inioin'd
To watch for him. What more your highnes willes,
This heart and hand ſhal execute your heſt.
Tan. Iulio we thank your paines. Ah Palurin,
Haue we deſerued in ſuch traiterous ſort
Thou ſhouldſt abuſe our kingly courteſies,
Which we too long in fauor haue beſtowed
Vpon thy falſe-diſſembling hart with vs.
What grief thou therewithal haſt throwen on vs

What

What shame vpon our house, what dire distresse,
Our soul endures, cannot be vttered.
And durst thou villen dare to vndermine
Our daughters chamber, durst thy shameles face
Be bolde to kisse her: th'rest we wil conceale.
Sufficeth that thou knowest I too wel know
All thy proceedings in thy priuat shames.
Herin what hast thou wonne? thine own content,
With the displeasure of thy Lord and king.
The thought whereof if thou hadst had in mind
The least remorce of loue and loyaltie
Might haue restraind thee from so foule a fact.
But Palurin, what may I deem of thee,
Whom neither feare of gods, nor loue of him
(Whose Princely fauor hath been thine vpreare)
Could quench the fewel of thy lewd desires.
Wherfore content thee that we are resolu'd
(And therfore laid to snare thee with this bayt)
That thy iust death, with thine effused blood,
Shal coole the heate and choler of our mood.
Guiz. My Lord the king, neither do I mislike
Your sentence, nor do your smoking sighes
Reacht from the entrals of your boiling heart,
Disturbe the quiet of my calmed thoughts:
For this I feele, and by experience proue,
Such is the force and endlesse might of loue,
As neuer shal the dread of carren death
That hath enuide our ioyes, inuade my brest,
For if it may be found a fault in me
(That euermore haue lou'd your Maiestie)
Likewise to honor and to loue your child,
If loue vnto you both may be a fault,

But vnto her my loue exceedes compare,
Then this hath been my fault, for which I ioy
That in the greateſt luſt of all my life,
I ſhall ſubmitte for her ſake to endure
The pangues of death. Oh mighty Lord of loue
Strengthen thy vaſſall, boldlie to receaue
Large wounds into this body for her ſake.
Then vſe my life or death, my Lord and king,
For your reliefe to eaſe your grieued ſoule:
For whether I liue, or els that I muſt die,
To end your paines I am content to beare:
Knowing by death I ſhall bewray the trueth
Of that ſound heart which liuing was her owne,
And died aliue for her that liued mine,
Tan. Thine *Palurin*, what, liues my daughter thine?
Traitor thou wrongſt me, for ſhe liueth mine.
Rather I wiſh ten thouſand ſundrie deaths,
Then I to liue and ſee my daughter thine.
Thine, that is dearer then my life to me?
Thine, whom I hope to ſee an Empreſſe?
Thine, whom I cannot pardon from my ſight?
Thine, vnto whom we haue bequeath'd our crown?
Iulio, we wil that thou informe from vs
Renuchio the Capten of our Gard,
That we commaund this traitor be conueyd
Into the dungeon vnderneath our Tower,
There let him reſt vntil he be reſolu'd
What further we intend, which to vnderſtand,
We will *Renuchio* repaire to vs.
Iul. O that I might your Maieſtie entreate
With clemencie to beutifie your ſeate,
Toward this Prince diſtreſt by his deſires,

Too

Too many, all too ſtrong to captiuate
Tan. „ This is the ſoundeſt ſafetie for a king
„ To cut them off that vex or hinder him.
Iul. „ This haue I found the ſafetie of a king,
„ To ſpare the Subiects that do honor him.
Tan. Haue we been honourd by this leachers luſt?
Iul. No, but by this deuout ſubmiſſion.
Tan. Our fortune ſaies we muſt do what we may.
Iul. „This is praiſe-worth, not to do what you may.
Tan. And may the Subiect countermaund the king?
Iul. No, but intreat him. *Tan.* What he ſhal decree.
Iul. What wiſdom ſhall diſcern. *Iul.* Nay what our
Shal beſt determine. We wil not replie. (word
Thou knoweſt our mind, our heart cannot be eaſd,
But with the ſlaughter of this *Palurin.*

The king haſteth into his Pallace.

Guiſ. O thou great God, who from thy hieſt throne
Haſt ſtooped down, and felt the force of loue,
Bend gentle eares vnto the wofull mone,
Of me poore wretch, to graunt that I require:
Help to perſwade the ſame great God, that he
So farre remit his might, and ſlack his fire
From my deare Ladies kindled heart, that ſhe
May heare my death without her hurt, Let not
Her face, wherein there is as cleere a light
As in the riſing moone: let not her cheekes
As red as is the partie-coloured roſe.
Be paled with the newes hereof: and ſo
I yeeld my ſelfe, my ſillie ſoul, and all,
To him, for her, for whom my death ſhall ſhew
I liu'd, and as I liu'd, I dide her thrall.
Graunt this thou Thunderer: this ſhal ſuffice,

My breath to vaniſh in the liquid skies.

Guizard is led to priſon.

Chorus primus.

Who doth not know the fruits of Paris loue,
Nor vnderſtand the end of Helens ioy,
He may behold the fatall ouerthrow
Of Priams houſe, and of the towne of Troy.
His death at laſt, and her eternal ſhame,
For whom ſo many noble knights were ſlaine.
So many a Duke, ſo many a Prince of fame
Bereft his life, and left there in the plaine.
Medeas armed hand, Elizas ſword,
Wretched Leander drenched in the floud.
Phillis ſo long that waited for her Lord
All theſe too dearly bought their loues with bloud.
Cho. 2. But he in vertue that his Lady ſerues
Ne wils but what vnto her Honor longs,
He neuer from the rule of reaſon ſwarues,
He feeleth not the pangs, ne raging throngs
Of blind Cupid: he liues not in deſpaire
As done his ſeruants: neither ſpends his daies
In ioy, and care, vaine hope, and throbbing feare.
But ſeekes alway what may his ſoueraine pleaſe
In honor: he that thus ſerues, reapes the fruite
Of his ſweet ſeruice: and no ielous dread
Nor baſe ſuſpect of ought to let his ſute
(Which cauſeth oft the louers hart to bleed)
Doth fret his mind, or burneth in his breſt:
He wayleth not by day, nor wakes by night,
When euery other liuing thing doth reſt.
Nor findes his life or death within her ſight.
Cho. 3. Remember thou in vertue ſerue therfore

Thy

Thy chaſt Lady: beware thou do not loue
As whilom Venus did the faire Adonne,
But as Diana lou'd the Amazons ſonne.
Through whoſe requeſt the gods to him alone
Reſtorde new life: the twine that was vndone
Was by the ſiſters twiſted vp againe.
The loue of vertue in thy Ladies lookes,
The loue of vertue in her learned talke,
This loue yeelds matter for eternall bookes.
This loue intiſeth him abroad to walke,
There to inuent and write new rondelaies
Of learned conceit, her fancies to allure
To vaine delights, ſuch humors he allaies,
And ſings of vertue and her garments pure.
Cho. 4. Deſire not of thy Soueraigne the thing
Whereof ſhame may enſue by any meane:
Nor wiſh thou ought that may diſhonor bring.
So whilom did the learned Tuſcan ſerue
His faire Lady: and glory was their end.
Such are the praiſes Louers done deſerue,
Whoſe ſeruice doth to vertue and honor tend.

Finis Actus 4. *Compoſuit Ch. Hat.*

v.i *Renuchio commeth out of the Pallace.*

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

Renu. OH cruel fate, oh miſerable chaunce
Oh dire aſpect of hateful deſtinies,
Oh wo may not be told: ſuffic'd it not
That I ſhould ſee and with theſe eyes behold
So foule, ſo bloody, and ſo baſe a deede:

But

But more to aggrauate the heauie cares
Of my perplexed mind, muſt onelie I
Muſt I alone be made the meſſenger,
That muſt deliuer to her Princelie eares
Such diſmall newes? as when I ſhal diſcloſe
I know it cannot but abridge her daies.
As when the thunder and three forked fire
Rent through the cloudes by Ioues almighty power
Breakes vp the boſom of our mother earth,
And burnes her heart before the heat be felt.
In this diſtreſſe whom ſhould I moſt bewaile,
My woe, that muſt be made the meſſenger
Of theſe vnworthie and vnwelcome newes?
Or ſhall I mone thy death, O noble Earle?
Or ſhal I ſtill lament the heauie hap
That yet, O Queene, attends thy funeral. (I ſee?
Cho. 1. What mones be theſe? *Renuchio* is this Salerne
Doth here king *Tancred* hold the awful crown?
Is this the place where ciuill people be?
Or do the ſauage Scythians here abound?
Cho. 2. What mean theſe queſtiõs? whether tend thes (words?
Reſolue vs maidens, & releaſe our fears.
What euer newes thou bring'ſt, diſcouer them,
Deteine vs not in this ſuſpicious dread,
„ The thought whereof is greater then the woe.
Renu. O whither may I caſt my lookes? to heauen?
Black pitchy clouds from thence rain down reuenge
The earth ſhal I behold? ſtainde with the gore
Of his heart bloud that dide moſt innocent.
Which way ſo ere I turn mine eyes, me thinks
His butchered corps ſtands ſtaring in my face.
Cho. 3. We humbly pray thee to forbear theſe words

So

So ful of terror to our mayden hearts:
„ The dread of things vnknown breedes the ſuſpect
„ Of greater dread, vntil the worſt be knowen.
Tel therfore what hath chaunſt, and whereunto
This bloudy cup thou holdeſt in thy hand.
Renu. Since ſo is your requeſt that I ſhal doe,
Although my mind ſo ſorrowful a thing
Repines to tell, and though my voice eſchewes
To ſay what I haue ſeene: yet ſince your will
So fixed ſtands to heare for what I rue,
Your great deſires I ſhall herein fulfill.
Firſt by Salerne Citie, amids the plaine,
There ſtands a hil, whoſe bottom huge and round,
Throwen out in breadth, a large ſpace doth contain
And gathering vp in height ſmall from the grounde
Stil leſſe and leſſe it mounts: there ſometime was
A goodly towre vpreard, that flowrde in fame
While fate and fortune ſeru'd, but time doth paſſe,
And with his ſway ſuppreſſeth all the ſame:
For now the walles be euened with the plaine.
And all the reſt ſo fowly lies defaſt:
As but the only ſhade doth there remaine
Of that which there was built in time forepaſt:
And yet that ſhewes what worthy work tofore
Hath there been reard: one parcel of that towre
Yet ſtands, which eating time could not deuoure:
A ſtrong turret compact of ſtone and rock:
Hugie without, but horrible within:
To paſſe to which by force of handy ſtroke
A crooked ſtraite is made, that enters in
And leades into this vgly loathſome place.
Within the which carued into the ground

A deep dungeon there runnes of narrow ſpace
Dreadful and darke, where neuer light is found:
Into this hollow caue, by cruel heſt
Of king *Tancred*, were diuers ſeruants ſent
To worke the horror of his furious breſt,
Earſt nouriſht in his rage, and now ſterne bent,
To haue the ſame performde: I woful man
Amongſt the reſt, was one to do the thing
That to our charge ſo ſtraitly did belong,
In ſort as was commanded by the king.
Within which dreadful priſon when we came,
The noble Countie *Palurin* that there
Lay chain'd in giues, faſt fettered in his bolts,
Out of the darke dungeon we did vpreare
And hal'd him thence into a brighter place,
That gaue vs light to worke our tyrannie.
But when I once beheld his manly face,
And ſaw his cheare, no more appauld with feare,
Of preſent death, then he whom neuer dread
Did once amate: my heart abhorred then
To geue conſent vnto ſo foul a deede,
That wretched death ſhould reaue ſo worthy a man
On falſe fortune I cride with lowd complaint,
That in ſuch ſort ouerwhelmes nobilitie.
But he whom neuer griefe ne feare could taint,
With ſmiling cheare himſelfe oft willeth me,
To leaue to plaine his caſe, or ſorrow make,
For him, for he was far more glad apaide
Death to imbrace thus for his Ladies ſake,
Then life, or all the ioyes of life he ſaid.
For loſſe of life (quoth he) greeues me no more,
Then loſſe of that which I eſteemed leaſt,

My

My Ladies griefe, leaſt ſhe ſhould rue therefore,
Is all the cauſe of griefe within my breſt.
He praid therfore that we would make report
To her of thoſe his laſt words he would ſay:
That though he neuer could in any ſort
Her gentlenes requite, nor neuer lay
Within his power to ſerue her as he would,
Yet ſhe poſſeſt his heart with hand and might,
To doe her all the honor that he could.
This was to him of all the ioyes that might
Reuiue his heart, the chiefeſt ioy of al,
That, to declare the faithfull heart which he
Did beare to her, fortune ſo wel did fall,
That in her loue he ſhould both liue and die.
After theſe words he ſtaid, and ſpake no more,
But ioyfully beholding vs eachone,
His words and cheare amazed vs ſo ſore
That ſtil we ſtoode: when forthwith thereupon
But why ſlack you (quoth he) to do the thing
For which you come? make ſpeed and ſtay no more
Performe your maſters will: now tel the king
He hath his life for which he long'd ſo ſore:
And with thoſe words himſelfe with his own hand
Faſtned the bands about his neck. The reſt
Wondring at his ſtout heart, aſtonied ſtand
To ſee him offer thus himſelfe to death.
What ſtony breſt, or what hard heart of flint
Would not relent to ſee this dreery ſight?
So goodly a man, whom death nor fortunes dint
Could once diſarme, murdred with ſuch deſpite.
And in ſuch ſort bereft amidſt the flowers
Of his freſh yeares, that ruthfull was to ſeene:

„For violent is death, when he deuoures
„Yong men, or virgins, while their yeares be green.
Lo now our ſeruants ſeeing him take the bands
And on his neck himſelfe to make them faſt:
Without delay ſet to their cruel hands,
And ſought to worke their fierce intent with haſt,
They ſtretch the bloudy bands, and when the breth
Began to faile his breſt, they ſlackt againe.
Thriſe did they pull, and thriſe they loſed him,
So did their hands repine againſt their hearts:
And oft times loſed to his greater paine.
„But date of death that fixed is ſo faſt,
„Beyond his courſe there may no wight extend,
For ſtrangled is this noble Earle at laſt,
Bereft of life, vnworthy ſuch an end.
Chor. O dāned deed. *Ren.* What deem you this to be
Al the ſayd newes that I haue to vnfould?
Is here (think you) end of the crueltie
That I haue ſeen? *Chor.* Could any heauier woe
Be wrought to him, then to deſtroy him ſo?
Ren. What, think you this outrage did end ſo well?
The horror of the fact, the greateſt griefe,
The maſſaker, the terror is to tell.
Cho. Alack what could be more? they threw percaſe
The dead body to be deuourd and torne
Of the wild beaſts.
Renu. Would God it had been caſt a ſauage praie
To beaſts and birds: but lo, that dreadfull thing
Which euen the tyger would not work, but to
Suffice his hunger: that hath the tyrant king
Withouten ruth commaunded vs to doe,
Onely to pleaſe his wrathfull heart withal.

Happy

Happy had been his chance, too happy alas,
If birdes, or beasts had eaten vp his corps,
Yea heart and all: within this cup I bring,
And am constrained now vnto the face
Of his deare Ladie to present the same.
Chor. What kind of crueltie is this you name?
Declare foorthwith, and wherunto doth tend
This farther plaint. *Ren.* After his breath was gone,
Forced perforce thus from his panting brest
Straight they dispoiled him, and not alone
Contented with his death, on the dead corps
Which rauenous beasts forbeare to lacerate,
Euen vpon this our villens fresh begunne
To shew new crueltie: foorthwith they pearce
His naked bellie, and vnript it so,
That out the bowels gusht: who can rehearse
Their tyrannie, wherwith my heart yet bleedes.
The warme entralles were torne out of his brest.
Within their hands trembling not fully dead,
His veines smok'd, his bowels all to reeked
Ruthlesse were rent, and throwen about the place:
All clottered lay the bloud in lumps of gore,
Sprent on his corps, and on his paled face,
His trembling heart, yet leaping, out they tore,
And cruelly vpon a rapier
They fixt the same, and in this hateful wise
Vnto the king this heart they do present:
A sight longd for to feede his irefull eies.
The king perceiuing each thing to be wrought
As he had wilde, reioysing to behold
Vpon the bloudie sword the pearced heart,
He calles then for this massie cup of gold,

Into the which the wofull heart he caſt,
And reaching me the ſame, now go, quoth he,
Vnto my daughter, and with ſpeedy haſt
Preſent her this, and ſay to her from me,
Thy father hath here in this cup thee ſent
That thing to ioy and comfort thee withal,
Which thou louedſt beſt, euen as thou wert content
To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.
Cho. O hateful fact! O paſſing crueltie!
O murder wrought with too much hard deſpitle
O hainous deede, which no poſteritie
Wil once beleeue! *Ren.* Thus was Earle *Palurin*
Strangled vnto the death, yea after death
His heart and bloud disboweled from his breſt:
But what auaileth plaint? it is but breath
Forewaſted all in vaine: why do I reſt
Here in this place? why goe I not and doe
The hatefull meſſage to my charge committed?
Oh were it not that I am forc'd thereto,
By a kings will, here would I ſtay my feet,
Ne one whit farder wade in this intent:
But I muſt yeeld me to my Princes heſt,
Yet doth this ſomewhat comfort mine vnreſt,
I am reſolu'd her griefe not to behold,
But get me gone my meſſage being told. (comes
Where is the Princeſſe chamber? *Cho.* Lo where ſhe

Giſmund commeth out of her chamber, to whom Renuchio deliuereth his cup, ſaying. *V. ii*

Scæna 2.

THy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath ſent
The thing to ioy and comfort thee withall
Which thou louedſt beſt, euen as thou waſt content

To

To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.
Giſ. I thanke my father, and thee gentle ſquire,
For this thy trauell take thou for thy paines
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.

Renuchio departeth.

So now is come the long expected houre,
The fatall hower I haue ſo looked for,
Now hath my father ſatisfied his thirſt
With giltleſſe bloud which he ſo coueted.
What brings this cup? (ay me) I thought no leſſe,
It is mine Earles, my Counties pearced heart,
Deare heart, too dearely haſt thou bought my loue:
Extreamely rated at too high a price.
Ah my ſweet heart, ſweet waſt thou in thy life,
But in thy death thou proueſt paſſing ſweet.
A fitter hearce then this of beaten gold,
Could not be lotted to ſo good an heart:
My father therefore well prouided thus
To cloſe and wrap thee vp in maſſie gold,
And therewithall to ſend thee vnto me,
To whom of duety thou doeſt beſt belong.
My father hath in all his life bewraid
A princely care and tender loue to me:
But this ſurpaſſeth, in his later dayes
To ſend me this, mine owne deare heart to me.
Wert thou not mine, dear hart, whil'ſt that my loue
Daunced and plaid vpon thy golden ſtrings?
Art thou not mine (deere heart) now that my loue
Is fled to heauen, and got him golden wings?
Thou art mine owne, and ſtil mine own ſhalt be
Therfore my father ſendeth thee to me.
Ah pleaſant harborough of my hearts thought!

Ah

Ah ſweete delight, the quickner of my ſoule
Seuen times accurſed be the hand that wrought
Thee this deſpight, to mangle thee ſo foule:
Yet in this wound I ſee mine owne true loue,
And in this wound thy magnanimitie,
And in this wound I ſee thy conſtancie.
Goe gentle heart, go reſt thee in thy tombe,
Receaue this token at thy laſt farewell:
She kiſſeth it.
Thine owne true heart anon will follow thee,
Which panting haſteth for thy companie.
Thus haſt thou run (poore heart) thy mortall race,
And rid thy life from fickle fortunes ſnares,
Thus haſt thou loſt this world, and worldly cares,
And of thy foe, to honour thee withall,
Receau'd a golden graue, to thy deſert,
Nothing doth want to thy iuſt funerall,
But my ſalt teares to waſh thy bloudy wound.
Which to the end thou mightſt receaue, behold
My father ſends thee in this cup of gold,
And thou ſhalt haue them, though I was reſolu'd
To ſhed no teares, but with a chearefull face
Once did I think to wet thy funerall
Only with bloud, and with no weeping eye.
This done, foorthwith my ſoule ſhal fly to thee,
For therfore did my father ſend thee me.
Ah my pure heart, with ſweeter companie,
Or more content, how ſafer may I proue
To paſſe to places all vnknowen with thee.
Why die I not therfore? why doe I ſtay?
Why doe I not this wofull life forgoe,
And with theſe hands enforce this breath away?

What

What meanes this gorgeous glittering head attir
How ill beſeeme theſe billaments of gold
Thy mournfull widdowhood? away with them,
So let thy treſſes flaring in the winde
Vntrimmed hang about thy bared necke:
Now helliſh furies ſet my heart on fire,
Bolden my courage, ſtrengthen ye my hands
Againſt their kind, to do a kindly deed:
But ſhall I then vnwreaken downe deſcend?
Shall I not worke ſome iuſt reuenge on him
That thus hath ſlain my loue? ſhall not theſe hands
Fire his gates, and make the flame to climbe
Vp to the pinnacles, with burning brands,
And on his cynders wreake my cruell teene.
Be ſtill (fond girle) content thee firſt to die,
This venomd water ſhall abridge thy life,
This for the ſame intent prouided I,
Which can both eaſe and end this raging ſtrife.
Thy father by thy death ſhall haue more woe,
Then fire or flames within his gates can bring:
Content thee then in patience hence to go,
Thy death his bloud ſhall wreake vpon the king.
Now not alone (a griefe to die alone)
„The onely myrror of extreame anoy,
But not alone, thou dieſt my loue, for I
Will be copartner of thy deſtinie.
Be merrie then my ſoule, canſt thou refuſe
To die with him, that death for thee did chooſe?
Chor. 1. What damned furie hath poſſeſt our Queen
Why ſit we ſtill beholding her diſtreſſe?
Madame forbeare, ſuppreſſe this headſtrong rage.
Giſ. Maidens forbeare your comfortable wordes.

She vndreſſeth her haire.

She taketh a violl of poyſon out of her pocket.

Cho. 2. O worthy Queene, raſhnes doth ouerthrowe
The author of his reſolution.
Giſ. Where hope of help is loſt what booteth feare?
Cho. 3. Feare wil auoyd the ſting of infamie.
Giſ. May good or bad reports delight the dead?
Cho. 4. If of the liuing yet the dead haue care.
Giſ. An eaſie griefe by councel may be cur'd.
Cho. 1. But hedſtrong miſchiefs princes ſhould auoid
Giſ. In headlong griefes and caſes deſperate?
Cho. 2. Cal to your mind (*Giſ.*) you are the Queene.
Giſ, Vnhappy widow, wife, and paramour. (king
Cho. 3. Think on the king. *Giſ.* The king? the tyrant
Cho. 3. Your father. *Giſ.* Yea, the murthrer of my loue
Ch. 4. His force. *Giſ.* the dead fear not the force of mẽ
Ch. 1. His care & griefe. *Giſ.* That neither car'd for me
Nor greeued at the murther of my loue,
My mind is ſetled, you with theſe vain words,
Withhold me but too long from my deſire.
Depart ye to my chamber. *Cho.* We wil haſt
To tel the king hereof. *Chorus depart into*
Giſ. I will preuent *the Pallace.*
Both you and him. Lo here, this harty draught
The laſt that in this world I meane to taſt,
Dreadleſſe of death (mine Earle) I drink to thee.
So now worke on, now doth my ſoul begin
To hate this light, wherein there is no loue,
No loue of parents to their children,
No loue of Princes to their Subiects true,
No loue of Ladies to their deareſt loues.
Now paſſe I to the pleaſant land of loue,
Where heauenly loue immortall flouriſheth:
The Gods abhorre the company of men,
Hel is on earth, yea hel it ſelfe is heauen

Compar'd with earth. I cal to witnes heauen,
Heauen, ſaid I? no, but hel record I call,
And thou ſterne Goddeſſe of reuenging wrongs
Witneſſe with me I die for his pure loue
That liued mine. *Shee lieth down and couereth her face with her haire.*

v. iii *Tancred in haſt commeth out of his pallace with Iulio.*

Scæna 3,

Tan. WHere is my daughter?
Iulio. Behold, here, wofull king.
Tan. Ai me, break hart, & thou fly foorth (my ſoul
What, doth my daughter *Giſ.* take it ſo?
What haſt thou done? oh let me ſee thine eyes,
Oh let me dreſſe vp thoſe vntrimmed locks,
Looke vp, ſweet child, look vp mine only ioy,
Tis I thy father that beſeecheth thee:
Reare vp thy body, ſtraine thy dying voice
To ſpeake to him, ſweet *Giſmund* ſpeake to me.
Giſ. Who ſtaies my ſoul? who thus diſquiets me?
Tan. Tis I thy father, ah behold my teares
Like pearled deaw that trickle down my cheekes,
To waſh my ſiluer haires. *Giſ.* Oh father king
Forbeare your teares, your plaint wil not auaile.
Tan. Oh my ſweet heart, haſt thou receau'd thy life
From me, and wilt thou to requite the ſame,
Yeeld me my death? yea death and greater greefe
To ſee thee die for him that did defame
Thine honor thus, my kingdome, and thy name.
Giſ. Yea therfore father gaue ye life to me,
That I ſhould die, and now my date is done.
As for your kingdome, and mine own renowne,
Which you affirme diſhonoured to be
That fault impute it where it is, for he

That ſlew mine Earle, and ſent his heart to me,
His hands haue brought this ſhame and griefe on vs
But father, yet if anie ſparke remaine
Of your deare loue, if euer yet I could
So much deſerue, or at your hands deſire,
Grant that I may obtaine this laſt requeſt,
Tanc. Saie louely child, ſaie on, what ere it be,
Thy father grants it willingly to thee.
Giſ. My life I craue not, for it is not now
In you to giue, nor in my ſelfe to ſaue,
Nor craue I mercie for mine Earle and me,
Who hath bin ſlaine with too much crueltie.
With patience I muſt awhile abide
Within this life, which now will not be long.
But this is my requeſt, Father I praie,
That ſince it pleaſed ſo your maieſtie,
I ſhould inioy my loue aliue no more,
Yet neretheles let vs not parted be,
Whom cruell death could neuer ſeparate:
But as we liude and dide together here,
So let our bodies be together tombde,
Let him with me, and I with him be laid
Within one ſhrine, where euer you appoint,
This if you grant me, as I truſt you will,
Although I liue not to requite this grace,
Th'immortall Gods due recompence ſhall giue
To you for this, and ſo vaine world farewel,
My ſpeech is painefull, and mine eie-ſight failes.
Tanc. My daughter dies, ſee how the bitter pangs
Of tyrannous death, torments her princely heart,
She lookes on me, at me ſhe ſhakes her head,
For me ſhe grones, by me my daughter dies,
I, I, the author of this Tragedie.

On

On me, on me, yee heauens throw downe your ire,
Now dies my daughter, hence with princely roabes
Oh faire in life, thrice fairer in thy death,
Deare to thy father in thy life thou wert,
But in thy death, deareſt vnto his heart,
I kiſſe thy paled cheekes, and cloſe thine eies,
This duetie once I promiſt to my ſelfe,
Thou ſhouldſt performe to me, but ah falſe hope
Now ruthful wretched king what reſteth thee?
Wilt thou now liue waſted with miſerie?
Wilt thou now liue that with theſe eies didſt ſee
Thy daughter dead? wilt thou now liue to ſee
Her funerals, that of thy life was ſtay?
Wilt thou now liue that waſt her liues decay?
Shal not this hand reach to this heart the ſtroke
Mine armes are not ſo weake, nor are my limmes
So feebled with mine age, nor is my heart
So daunted with the dread of cowardice,
But I can wreake due vengeance on that head
That wrought the means theſe louers now be dead
Iulio come neare, and lay thine own right hand
Vpon my thigh, now take thine oath of me.
Iul. I ſweare to thee, my liege Lord, to diſcharge
What euer thou enioyneſt Iulio.
Tan. Firſt then I charge thee that my daughter haue
Her laſt requeſt, thou ſhalt within one tombe
Interre her Earle and her: and thereupon
Engraue ſome Royall Epitaph of loue.
That done, I ſwear thee thou ſhalt take my corps
Which thou ſhalt find by that time done to death,
And lay my bodie by my daughters ſide.
Sweare this, ſweare this I ſay. *Iul.* I ſweare.

But will the king do ſo vnkingly now.
Tan. A kingly deed the king reſolues to doe.
Iul. To kil himſelfe. *Tan.* To ſend his ſoule to eaſe.
Iul. Doth Ioue command it? *Tan.* Our ſtars cõpell it.
Iul. The wiſeman ouerrules his ſtars. *Tan.* So we
Iul Vndaunted ſhould the minds of kings indure.
Tan. So ſhal it in this reſolution.
Iulio forbeare, and as thou loueſt the king,
When thou ſhalt ſee him weltring in his gore,
Stretching his limmes, and gaſping in his grones
Then Iulio ſet to thy helping hand,
Redouble ſtroke on ſtroke, and driue the ſtab
Down deeper to his heart, to rid his ſoule.
Now ſtand aſide, ſtir not a foote, leaſt thou
Make vp the fourth to fill this Tragedie.
Theſe eyes that firſt beheld my daughters ſhame,
Theſe eyes that longed for the ruthful ſight
Of her Earles heart, theſe eyes that now haue ſeene
His death, her woe, and her auenging teene:
Vpon theſe eyes we muſt be firſt auenged.
Vnworthy lamps of this accurſed lump,
Out of your dwellings: ſo, it fits vs thus
In bloud and blindnes to goe ſeeke the path
That leadeth down to euerlaſting night.
Why frighſt thou daſtard? be thou deſperate,
One miſchiefe brings another on his neck,
As mighty billowes tumble in the ſeas.
Now daughter, ſeeſt thou not how I amerce
My wrath that thus bereft thee of thy loue,
Vpon my head? now fathers learn by me,
Be wiſe, be warnde to vſe more tenderly
The iewels of your ioyes. Daughter, I come.

EPI-

Iul. LO here the ſweets of griſly-pale deſpaire,
Theſe are the bloſſoms of this curſed tree
Such are the fruits of too much loue and care
Orewhelmed in the ſence of miſerie.
With violent hands he that his life doth end,
His damned ſoul to endles night doth wend.
Now reſteth it that I diſcharge mine oath,
To ſee th'unhappy louers and the king,
Layd in one tombe: I would be very loath
You ſhould wayt here to ſee this mournful thing.
For I am ſure, and do ye all to wit,
Through griefe wherin the Lords of Salerne be,
Theſe funerals are not prepared yet:
Nor do they think on that ſolemnitie.
As for the fury, ye muſt vnderſtand,
Now ſhe hath ſeen the'ffect of her deſire,
She is departed, and hath left our land,
Graunting this end vnto her helliſh ire.
Now humbly pray we that our Engliſh dames
May neuer lead their loues into miſtruſt:
But that their honors may auoid the ſhames
That follow ſuch as liue in wanton luſt.
We know they beare them on their vertues bold
With blisfull chaſtitie ſo wel content,
That when their liues, and loues abroad are told,
All men admire their vertuous gouernment.
Worthie to liue where Furie neuer came,
Worthie to liue where loue doth alwaies ſee,
Worthie to liue in golden trump of Fame,
Worthie to liue, and honoured ſtil to be.
Thus end our ſorrowes with the ſetting Sun:
Now draw the curtens for our Scæne is done.

FINIS. *R. W.*

Introductio in Actum ſecundum.

BEfore the ſecond Act there was heard a ſweete noice of ſtil pipes, which ſounding, Lucrece entred, attended by a mayden of honor with a couered goddard of gold, and drawing the curtens, ſhee offreth vnto Giſmunda to taſt thereof: which when ſhee had done, the maid returned, and Lucrece rayſeth vp Giſmund from her bed, and then it followeth vt in Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Introductio in Actum tertium.

Before this Acte the Hobaies ſounded a lofty Almain, and Cupid Vſhereth after him, Guizard and Giſmund hand in hand. Iulio and Lucrece, Renuchio and another maiden of honor. The meaſurestrod, Giſmunda geues a cane into Guiſzards hand, and they are all ledde forrth again by Cupid, Et ſequitur.

Introductio in Actum 4.

Before this Act there was heard a conſort of ſweet muſick, which playing, Tancred commeth forth, & draweth Giſmunds curtens, and lies down vpon her bed, then from vnder the ſtage aſcendeih Guiſz. & he helpeth vp Giſmund, they amarouſly embrace, & depart. The king ariſeth enraged, then mas heard & ſeen a ſtorm of thunder & lightning, in which the furies riſe vp, Et ſequitur.

Introductio in Actum quintum.

Before this Act was a dead march plaid, during which entred on the ſtage Renuchio capten of the Guard, attended vpon by the guard, they tooke vp Guiſz. from vnder the ſtage, then after Guiſzard had kindly taken leaue of them all, a ſtrangling cord was faſtened about his neck, & he haled foorth by them. Renuchio bewayleth it, & then entring in, bringeth foorth a ſtanding cup of gold, with a bloudy hart reeking whot init, and then ſaith vt ſequitur.

Faultes eſcaped.

In the preface to the R. maids, line 3. geamls, read gleams. before act 1. l. r. with, read t with. ſce. ii. l. xxiiii. for fear that, r. feare of that. ſce. i. acti. l. xlvii. for by him, r. by thine. ſce. i. act iii. l. xxv. for diſtaind. r. diſtrained. ſce. ii. l. vii. for liuely breath, r. liberty. ſce. ii. acte iiii. for but nay, r. but may. ſce. iii. act iiii. for widowhood, r. widows bed. ſce. ii. for whilom a, r. whilom there was a. act iiii. l. xxiii. hurt. reade let not.

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